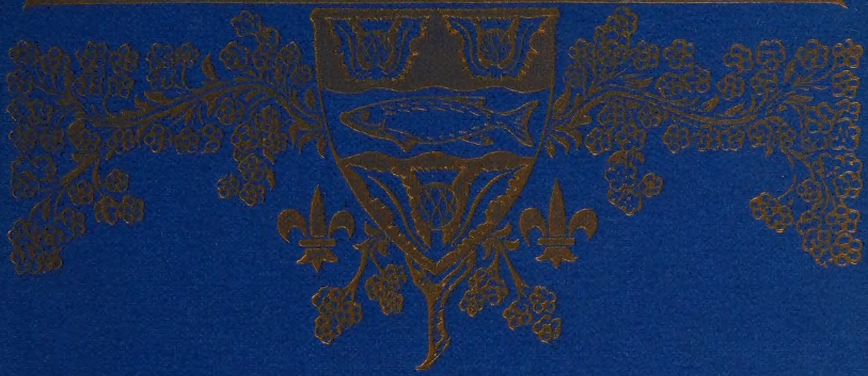
STORIES OF THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

GRACE McLEOD ROGERS



STORIES OF THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

STORIES OF THE LAND OF EVANGE-LINE
Grace McLeod Rogers
"This is my own my native land"
McCLELLAND & STEWART
TORONTO

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TO

WILLIAM THOMAS WATERMAN

AND

JAMES BENNETT McLEOD

MY GRANDFATHERS

I DEDICATE THESE TALES OF ACADIE

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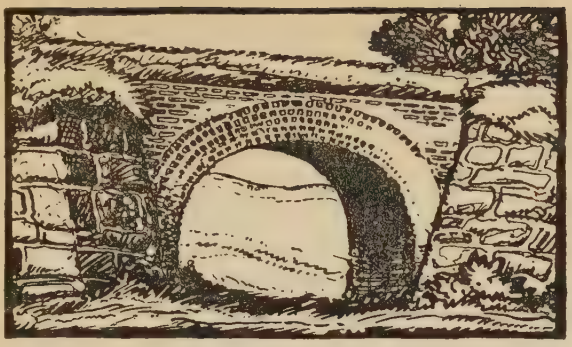
The Hunchback of Port Royal



The Hunchback of Port Royal

MAY 20th, 1690. Flood-tide filled to its flowing brim the broad, beautiful Basin that flanked the little fortress town of Port Royal. Sundown lights shone over the rippling waters. Golden flashes of them swept the tree topped heights beyond. And the spring-time's vital forces radiated through the genial warmth of air.

Mindful of the fresh vernal energy, and taking the wholesome salt breath of the flood in deep-drawn respirations, was a broad breasted, tall man, walking leisurely along the crooked path that led from the Settlement up Lequille River, to Port Royal. He was keen-eyed, firm-faced, and

compact of build—a French Catholic priest, at this time the curé of Port Royal, and known throughout the Settlements as Father Petete.

The soft evening air and quiet rural loveliness of the scene had relaxed the tension of his usually hard features. His errand to Port Royal was a message of good tidings to the governor; it needed no haste, and the whole aspect of the man was indolent as the slowly growing leaves which bordered his pathway.

Suddenly there came upon this peaceful scene a sound which seemed to rush out of the sky, and reverberating with multiplied echoes from the surrounding hills, fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of the musing priest.

He started, and listened intently for minutes, then hurriedly retraced his steps around one of the flexures of the path till a view of the Basin could be had.

"It is surely the Bœte,"* he muttered. "Surely! but why?"

The Basin was clear of a sail, far as his eye could reach. He turned again, and

* A short cannon placed at the entrance to the Basin, and used as a signal gun.

hastened on over the distance that still lay between him and Port Royal.

Sunset had given place to twilight, twilight to moonlight, when he set out again on his homeward way. His steps were no longer slow, his face neither peaceful nor calm; and he paused often and stood with his face turned to the distant outer Basin, listening intently. But the report of the early evening was not repeated, nor were there other unusual sounds to break the midnight stillness.

His own house was at the farther end of the village, and as he neared it he quickened his steps, for on the rough slab of slate that formed the doorstep was seated a queer misshapen little figure. The priest's look of anxiety changed for a moment to one of pity and love, as he stood over the sleeping boy.

He was a curious, malformed being. The small, well-made head set low on the body, the hump on the back standing out behind the forward-crowded shoulders. Much of the deformity was hidden by a loose blue blouse of jean, and wide trousers of the same material covered the bent and shrunken legs.

The priest laid his hand on the boy's head, and sat down upon the doorstone beside him. He waked instantly, and rose to his feet.

"Why would you be so late?" he asked, "And the noise—what did it mean? It was the Bœte."

"Your ears are sharp as your wits, Claude," said the priest. "You have heard the Bœte but once before, why should you remember it?"

"Once is enough," replied the boy. "Why did it sound?—But you are hungry, Father Petete," he added, and stepping up over the door-sill into the house, he soon returned with a bowl of milk, and a plate containing a slice of corn bread.

"Sit down," said the priest, as he received the proffered food.

"I have been sitting," replied the boy, and with both hands resting upon his hips he stood waiting silently, while the priest broke his long fast.

"Why did it sound?" he asked again, when the meal being finished he had placed the emptied bowl and plate inside the porch. "Is it an enemy? Tell me about it."

"There is little to tell, yet," replied the

priest, "but much to be done, I fear. As I turned the Horseshoe Curve on my way down the river, I heard the Signal-gun and knew its import. At Port Royal there was much excitement; the men were crowded around the guard house, and the governor and De Gautiens were talking with them. One soldier, and a habitant, were down at the signal point, and soon as they fired the mortar for the alarm they set out in a canoe for the Fort. We could watch them coming up, but it was an hour of midnight before they reached us with their news. A frigate, two sloops, and four ketches are outside the Basin; they are British, and the Fort will be attacked."

"And fighting?" asked the boy.

"Little fighting, I fear," replied the Father. "We are in a poor condition to fight. There are but eighty-six men in the garrison, twenty-odd of them are ailing; and of the eighteen cannon but one is placed in battery. The fortifications are unfinished—and we are wanting in everything requisite to our defense."

"But we will not yield," said the boy, stiffening his bent little body. "We will fight first! Why—but no, I could not do

anything, a cripple—oh! how I hate the man who made me one. Why did he not step on me and finish killing me when he had done this much? I used to think that if I could ever see him I would lame him, and make him crooked as I am, but that would not be revenge enough; because he is a man, and there are things a man may do to make others respect instead of laugh at him, and maybe strength or something, to make him not care if they do laugh—but to be a boy and be this way! to know why people look at me! Oh! I can't tell you, but it kills, all the time, and you don't die. How I hate the man!"

The clear brown eyes flashed, and grew dark with passion, as he walked back and forth, fast as his little warped legs were capable, over the green plot by the stone, the moonlight on his bare feet and upturned agonized face. A look of deep distress came over the features of the priest, but he made no reply to the vehement outburst.

"Why do you never reprove me?" asked the boy, looking over at him and dropping down upon the stone at his feet, his face quieting a little under the loving gaze of the strong man. "But it is because you

never chide me, and always seem to understand me, that I love you. You are the only comfort I have ever known. Oh! I think about it often. I know how you found me—Paul told me."

"When have you seen Paul?" asked the priest, with a scrutinizing glance at the boy. "And what has Paul told you?"

"When you were up the Ottawa with the message for the king, I stayed with Paul in his camp. He told me about the place where I was born, up across the bay to Chignecto, and how the cruel man who was strong and straight himself, took me, a baby, and tossed me in the air to see how often he could catch me; and when I dropped and fell on the wet marsh, he laughed and left me there. And the hurt, and the wet made me sick, and because I had no mother to take care of me I grew this way. Then he told me how you came, when I was three years old, and cried when you saw me, and how you took me and brought me here to the Fort, all the way in your own arms, never even letting Paul rest you—oh! I know it all now, and I think about it often—about you crying when you saw me. And since I knew that, I think a

little less about the one who made me crooked and queer, but I hate just the same when I do think; I hate him! Oh! if I only knew him and where he lives. You cried—and he laughed. Oh! how I hate him."

"Claude," said the priest, laying his hand caressingly on the boy's small head, "Claude, you must go to rest. I do not know what may happen on the morrow; the enemy is at our gates. If I am off in the morning before you wake; do not be afraid. I am needed at the garrison. The governor is not able to manage affairs, and De Gautiens is not the man to offer advice at a time like this. I will not go to sleep, I will sit here yet awhile, and think."

"But what will we do?" asked the boy.

"That is what I am going to think about," said Father Petete. "Go now, lie down, and if I do not return by to-morrow night, come down the river to the big flat rock. I will meet you there or send you word where I am and what to do."

Used to obedience, and ready always to serve or indulge unquestioned the slightest wish of the priest, the boy took up the empty bowl and plate and clambered over the doorstep.

"Stay, Claude," said the Father, reaching out his strong arm and putting it around the perverted little form. "If it should be that I do not return—I will more than likely do so—but you know you and I always plan a day ahead, and enemies and strange ships are not symbols of security. If I do not return, you will take the casket of gold, and hide it in some safe place; then go up the river to Paul; he will care for you. While I am alive, though, I will care for you myself. Now, go, Claude, and wait the events of another day. No, do not say adieu, I will see you again."

Not a word further was spoken by either. The boy went into the house, and the priest remained outside, walking back and forth the narrow plot until dawn lighted up the wooded path, when he set out again on his way to Port Royal.

Obedient to his command, the boy started next night at sunset down the path to the town, remained about the great rock until long after dark, but met neither the priest nor his messenger. Three days passed; then he learned from the habitants the cause of the Father's failure to keep his promise. The English commander, Gen-

eral Phips, had anchored within half a league of the town, and sent one of his sloops to the Fort with a trumpeter on board to summon the governor to surrender. Retaining the trumpeter, Meneval sent Father Petete to the commander, with orders to refuse surrender unless accompanied by honorable terms of capitulation. These terms Phips at first stoutly refused; but finally the diplomacy of the priest prevailed, and the following day a formal surrender by the governor was accepted, though Phips refused to sign the papers, claiming that his word as a general was sufficient surety.

He had been but a few hours ashore, however, when he saw that he had granted honorable terms to a garrison he could easily have captured had he known its helplessness, and he secretly waited a pretext for breaking his pledge of honor.

This he soon found in the act of a drunken soldier removing some stores from the guard house. Declaring that it was a breach of the terms, he allowed his soldiers to pillage the town, took from the governor and De Gautiens their swords, and put them and the priest under guard as prisoners of war.

A week elapsed, and still no word came from the Father to the waiting boy. On the evening of the seventh day he had walked as near the town as his strength would allow, and on his return lay wearily down upon the top of the big rock, to rest. Not a sound stirred the air. The white mist from the river was gathering fast and thick over the pathway, wrapping the trunks of the tall elms, hiding the tops of the slim alders, and spreading like another silver silent river over the broad marshes.

Presently a step, cautious and halting, sounded on the road toward the town. Thinking it the step of the priest, the boy's first impulse was to hurry forward to meet him, but fearing on a second thought that it might be an enemy, he crouched low and waited the nearer approach.

When the dark figure emerged from the mist-shrouded pathway, he saw that it was not the Father, but a shorter, stouter man, wearing a long heavy cloak. Soon as he reached the rock, the man removed the cloak. Concealed beneath it were two iron boxes and a shovel. He had evidently visited the spot before, for he made no survey, but at once began to dig in the deep de-

posit of sand and mud at one side the rock, and so rapidly did he work that in a few moments he had buried both boxes deep, and replaced the surface earth. He then stepped round to the river side and threw the shovel into the stream. In the nearer light Claude easily recognized him as the French Secretary, De Gautiens. He had often seen him in company with the priest at Port Royal and at their own abode, and clambering down from the rock he hurriedly approached him.

The man started and clutched the boy by the shrunken shoulders.

"Why are you spying about?" he hissed as he drew him nearer. "Why, it is the Hunchback!" he muttered. "What do you here? If you tell where the money is hid I will throw you in beside the shovel!"

"Where is Father Petete?" asked the boy, ignoring both the question and the threat.

"Safe in prison," said Gautiens, "where I will be again myself in another half-hour, unless indeed this cursed delay with you will find me missing, and then I will be at the point of a musket. Listen, Hunchback, that money is our king's money and shall not be spent by those English curs. Not a

sou of it is my own. 'Tis a rich treasure and there will be great search for it at the Garrison. I was able to conceal it before we were taken prisoners. Through a traitor guard I got an hour's leave and used it to bury this treasure. I have not time now to hide it elsewhere. Will you swear to me that you will not tell of it?"

"I will promise. I need not swear," said the boy.

"No promise! that is what Phips gave us but what was his word worth? Nay, you will swear, or by Heaven I will throw you into the river, and you would not make even so much headway as a devil-fish to get out over those slimy banks—and you are not unlike one; ha, ha!"

The boy's eyes flashed back, and he pushed himself quickly back from the man's hold. "I swear," he said, "but not for you. I swear for the sake of the priest, who is a subject of the French king, and in the name of the God who made us both. My body is crooked, but it is straighter than your mean soul. Now tell me more about the Father."

"Your pardon, boy, for my taunt," said Gautiens, and he held out his hand. "I am forced to believe you, for my own life is in

jeopardy if I outrun the time. Thirteen hundred louis-d'or lie in those boxes. If I live I will return and deliver it to the king; if it be not there when I seek it I will know where it is gone. Now for the priest. He is a prisoner, as I said before. We are to be taken to Boston instead of France, and shown about as Phips' captives. By strategy I escaped here; by strategy I may escape again. Remember your oath, and adieu!"

The boy thrust the proffered hand aside. "Tell the Father," he said, "to send a message to me. If I can go with him as a prisoner I gladly will; if he says not, then I remain here, but tell him to send a message. And for the king's gold, Monsieur de Gautiens, I will make not so much headway to get it as a devil-fish; ha, ha!"

The Frenchman hurried away, and the boy threw himself down upon the ground and burst into bitter weeping. The long anxiety of the fortnight, the sudden intelligence that the priest was to go away and leave him alone, and the cruel ridicule of the Frenchman, reminding him of all he would meet now that his only friend was taken from him, was too great a strain on

his worn spirit. For hours he lay there.

At dawn came the message—the priest himself, guarded by two of the British soldiers.

The boy did not see him, nor know of his approach till he felt himself in the strong arms that had carried him so often over the rough ways the two had taken together.

"Claude," said the priest, "I have but five minutes to speak with you. I paid for it at the price of my gold cross and chain, but it was cheap. To-day we sail. You cannot accompany me; I have pleaded in vain. But can you wait till I return? I do not say when that will be, but I will sometime come to you myself, or send you message where I am and how you can come to me. You have heard from the habitants how the treaty was broken, and know why I failed to meet you here before. You will stay in the house; until autumn there are stores enough. If I provide no other means, and you need it, use the gold I left in your hands; I cannot take it with me and it must still be left in your care—it belongs to the Church, Claude, but I can replace what you use. Have you concealed it as I told you?"

The boy did not speak, but with a nod of

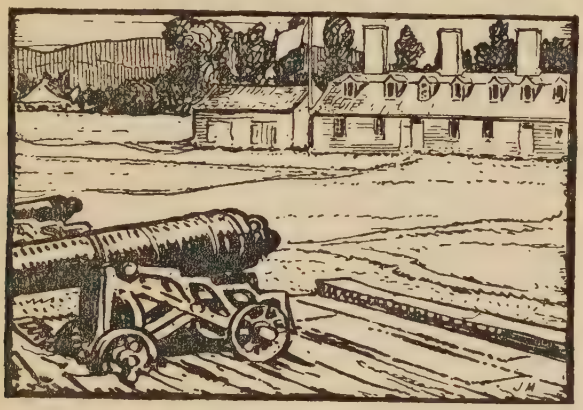
assent clung stirless and silent to the priest's hand.

"When winter comes, if you are no longer content, and I have sent you no message, go up the river to Paul; he will care for you as he would care for me, and he would give his life for me. Now, farewell," and bending down, the priest laid his hands in mute blessing upon the bowed head, then turned toward the soldiers.

All this while the boy had not spoken, nor did he now. He turned away from the stare of the men, and with but one look at the face of the priest, sat down again on the side of the rock and watched them disappear down the stream, the tall robed figure ahead, the two shorter ones following.

At sunrise, a score and more of men passed him on their way to Port Royal to take the oath of allegiance to the British Sovereign, and on their return in the late afternoon the little forsaken Hunchback still sat by the rock. They stopped to tell him of the sailing of the ships, and the departure of the priest. This news, and hunger, roused him. He rose and with slow steps followed the men, and by nightfall was alone in the quiet little house.

The months wore away to mid-summer, and on the twentieth day of August two vessels came to anchor in the outer Basin—two black, tall masted, long and narrow vessels. Black and narrow, were the two long, low boats which put off from their sides. Black, with white skull and cross-bones was the flag that hung limp and



Old Fort Anne

guilty at the head of the tall mainmast. The British flag was flying from the Fort, but the men in the black boats had no fear of its defenders.

No warning of the vessels' approach had reached the inhabitants of Port Royal, nor had they time to flee before the landing of the boats.

They who dared fight the pirates did not see the morning sun. Two men who refused to show the treasure of the chapel were hanged on a limb of the oak-tree near the Fort. A woman who refused like information, was roasted alive, with her little children, in her log hut. Twenty houses were pillaged and burned.

The smoke of the burning buildings alarmed the inhabitants up Lequille River. The Hunchback had spent most of the day in the little house of the priest, which he still occupied. Oppressed with unusual disquiet, he had gone much earlier than was his wont, down the river to the big rock. When the alarm reached the settlers, he was missing, and in their haste to escape to the thick woods of the mountain, no one made search for him.

Coiled up on the top of the rock he lay, his face turned toward the spot where the Frenchman had buried the money. It was his daily resort, and his usual pastime. Never once since the terrible night when he saw the treasure buried, had these vigils been unkept, and never once had he even parted the rank grass which now grew abundant over the hidden gold.

But a deeper concern than the care of the Frenchman's treasure filled his thoughts through all the long days. He could not remember where he had concealed the casket which contained the gold of the priest. He knew that in the early part of the day the priest had left him, he had buried it securely. But the anger and fright of the interview with De Gautiens, and the fact of the greater treasure left in his power, had united to obliterate all knowledge of the other. As he lay wearily thinking of it on this evening of the twentieth, vainly trying to recall some incident of the act, he fell asleep.

Waking suddenly, he saw red flames reflected from the sky above the mountain, and smoke rolling above the trees in the valley. Hardly had he time to reach the edge of the rock when a group of men turned the curve of the path and came in full view only a few yards from him.

"The Devil!" exclaimed the foremost man, starting back as he sighted the Hunchback outlined against the lurid light.

"The Devil, or one of his fish out of the river!" said another.

"Take him on to the Settlement and fire

him; a knotty stick makes easy burning!" cried a third.

"Yes, give him a taste of the water, it may untangle his snarled body to climb up over these slimy red banks—tumble him in, men, and let us on to the houses!" said the leader.

The boy made no outcry, no resistance, as the rough men drew near to drag him from the rock. It was against his nature to yield, and he had courage to defend his life, but the cruel jests upon his crooked body had weakened his courage and made him powerless to speak or act. Not a day since the priest had left him, but he had to meet this bitter reminder in some form. While the Father was there he had rarely gone about alone, and hardly had he known a taunt, so shielded had he been by the care and love of the strong man.

Inert and passive, all his fear lost in bitter humiliation, he stood and faced without flinch, the men who reached with rough hands, and hauling him from the great rock, so often his resting place, dropped him down the muddy banks into the river below, now narrow and shallow, and waiting for the tide to fill its channel.

The pirate crew jeered as he slid down the slimy sides. Then they went on up the river to finish their cruel work. The coarse ridicule of the men, and the recollection of Gautiens' gibe, deprived him of his strength, and he would have died there, had not the mere animal instinct of preservation at last impelled him to crawl through the red mud to the river's rim, where he lay, exhausted, until morning, when the warm August sunshine dried his mud-caked clothing, and revived his chilled and stiffened limbs.

Half bewildered, he at length rose and walked toward the Settlement. Nothing but smoking ruins met his sight. Not a house was left standing. His shelter and his stores were gone; now was the time to go to the faithful Indian; and he at once set out through the thick forest to the encampment on the mountain side.

The river above tide reach was a tumbling, twisting stream. Along its edge was the well-worn trail, half-hidden at times by thick underbrush. Toilsome and slow along this rough footway, he clambered to the wigwam of Paul, who welcomed him with fond and kind words. Medicine Paul, he was called. His wigwam was in a lonely

spot, half a mile above the encampment. When his people were ailing, he visited them and cured them; when they were well he seldom entered their camps. His skill as a doctor had spread beyond the woods. During the previous winter when a strange disease had baffled their own physician, the garrison had gladly sought his services.

It was well he had skill, for the Hunchback waked next morning with a high fever. For weeks he tossed in half delirium, knowing not even the Indian, talking sometimes of the priest, rehearsing the scene of the parting, and sometimes still, and picking restlessly at the soft blancoating which formed his bed.

The leaves had fallen when he grew strong enough to one day walk again down the narrow footpath to the rock. He found the treasure undisturbed, the grass was dead and matted over the spot where it was buried. Every third day after this, he made the toilsome journey. As winter approached he started earlier, and returned later. Often the Indian went to meet him, and carried him back, the shrivelled form hardly seeming a weight to the sinewy frame that could sling a caribou, and tramp fresh trails untired.

Paul had asked no questions as to these journeys. He received him when he came back from them, fed and cared for him, and set the best of the food before him; and on his own return from the trading stations, brought always some delicacy which he did not share in the eating. He knew the boy waited for the priest, and he knew, too, that unless he came soon, the waiting and the coming would be in vain.

The painful hunted look on the white face was no longer there. He was never taunted now. The stern wordless love of the Indian, and the quiet efficacy of the great trees had turned his bitter thoughts into peaceful channels, and he spoke of his deformity but seldom.

The two talked together of many things, but oftenest of the priest. Sometimes the boy would coax to hear again the story of the time he had found him and carried him away in his arms, crying because he was small and crooked. Then he would himself rehearse that other scene, as his imagination had pictured it, of the cruel, laughing man; but the Indian, quick to perceive the look of hatred that came over the thin white face, brought his mind back

always to the priest. And as the long winter wore away the boy grew more reconciled to his deformity.

Early in the spring word came from the priest that he would sail from France in May.

The message had a wonderful effect upon the boy. He grew suddenly better, and often made his way down the river.

The sunny days of May passed into the silent summer months. The sudden strength failed, and again the journeys to the rock had to be given up. Sometimes for a week he never stirred from the blancoating. Then the Indian would carry him to the doorway of the wigwam, and often into the woods where he went to gather his medicines. This would give him new strength, and he would try to walk down the river to the rock, but Paul would overtake him and carry him, and leave him alone there for hours. A new thought troubled him as he lay there in the golden waning days of autumn. If he should die before the Father came, should he tell Paul of the buried treasure? Gautiens had sworn he would return for it, but if he should meet death who would

ever know of the money to deliver it to the King.

But the thought which most weakened him was that he could not yet remember where he had hidden the gold of the priest, and the fear that the priest would not believe him if he told him this, racked his spirit with doubt and pain.

September, and October, passed. All hope of the Father's return for that season was now abandoned. Yet the boy upon his bed lay always with his face toward the opening of the camp that he might see down the pathway.

Meanwhile, the priest had been making every effort in his power to keep his promise of returning. The winter was occupied in pleading, and by spring he obtained of the French monarch an order for Villebon to proceed, with a force, to retake the colony of Acadie. Then it was that he sent the message to the boy. A week later, he followed the message, in the "Afrikede Solon," the fastest sailing vessel of the age, and the beginning of July saw them in Quebec. But from apprehension of an attack on the city, by the English, Frontenac detained the vessel several months, and it was

the twenty-sixth of November when she arrived at Port Royal, accompanied by a sloop of war.

They found the English flag flying from the Fort, but no Englishmen to defend it, and the French soldiers landed without resistance. With the soldiers was Father Petete. Soon as they reached the shore he proceeded up the river to the wigwam of Paul. Perriot, the former French Governor of Port Royal, had acquainted him with the visit of the pirates and their work of pillage, so it was with no surprise he saw the desolate spot where his own and the other houses of the Settlement had stood.

The day was one of the warm mellow days that brighten November with memories of the summer past; and it was noon when the priest reached the wigwam.

Paul was not there. The Hunchback lay alone on the blancoated bed of boughs at the head of the camp, his face to the opening, but the brown eyes were closed in sleep, and the intent ears that had listened so long for this step were dull to its approach. The face looked pitifully shrunken and white, and the fair hair had been left uncut, and hung about his humped shoul-

ders. He was slowly fading away, no pain, no visible cause—a loss of strength from day to day, and life only kept in the body by this strong desire to wait for the coming of the priest.

No thought of the boy's death had entered the priest's mind, in his care to reach him. He had looked forward to his future and planned it for him; and in fulfillment of the plans had come now to take him back to France.

The sudden shock of seeing him thus, the pathos of the thin white face resting upon the withered little hand, the shrunken deformity of the poor wasted body, and the knowledge of all the brave spirit had foregone, overcame him, and he sank down upon the ground beside the bed, and wept as he had not since that other day so long ago.

The boy waked, and started up with a glad cry of recognition.

"I told you to wait, and I would come," said the Father gently gathering him in his strong arms.

"I waited," said the boy.

"And I came," replied the priest. Then he told to him all the long adventure of the

journey. When he had finished, the Indian entered the camp. He had sighted the priest far down the river, but had left the two alone for their first greetings. Now he came for his own welcome. There was no distinction of race; the priest laid his white hand in the hard brown-colored ones of the Indian, and there was a moment of silence. Each gazed in the other's face. There had been a bond of life and death between them once, and neither of them could ever forget or suffer a breach of it.

"I would have come sooner had it been possible," said the priest. "But I knew you would care for him, and I felt relieved in knowing also that with the gold he had, you could both be comfortable for years, had I not been able to reach you."

The Indian glanced at the boy, and the boy looked first in his face, then over at the priest. "There has been no gold to use, Father Petete," he said, "I cannot remember where I hid it—O, will you believe me, and not think I have stolen it? Truly, I cannot remember—but do you believe me?" and he grasped excitedly the priest's hands.

"Hush, Claude," said the Father gently. "Why should I not believe you? Did you

ever deceive me? Tell me about it. What do you mean?"

"I know nothing to tell," he said, "except that I took it from the house the day you left me, and buried it somewhere—the day before the night you met me at the rock. And your going away, and leaving me alone—and something else that happened, that night, to frighten me, made me forget, someway. I have tried, every day, to remember, but it will not come to me, and I was afraid you would think I lied, that is what has made me weak; I think so much about it. But no matter how much I think, it will not come to me—even my head cannot do anything straight," he added with a smile, "even my head is kinked, like my body."

For answer the priest laid his hand with the old soothing gesture upon the boy's forehead.

He smiled again. "I do not rave about it now, Father," he said, "hardly ever, now. Paul has told me the story so often, that I see and think only of you, and not of the one who made me a cripple."

A glance passed between the two men.

"I have always thought that I would see

him, sometime, and hurt him," continued the boy, not noticing the glance. "But I do not think that now—going so much sooner makes it all different—and then what would be the use; nothing I could do or say, could make him understand what it has been to me, and I would not like for him to half-know. I thought that, after I first began to feel less ugly to him; but lately, I have not wanted to even tell him if I could —I almost think I could see him and not say a word. I never believed I could get to feel this way, but it is all so different, everything is so different when you have days and days to think about it, and know you are going so soon. But I would like to prove myself, only to see if I could look at him and the old hate gone."

A shadow clouded the face of the priest. He opened his lips to speak, but closed them again without a sound.

"It was a dreadful thing to do, and he may have been sorry, though Paul said he laughed. O, how could he laugh!" and the thin face lit up for an instant with the old fire and hatred. As instantly did it fade. "But if he has been sorry since, I would like him to know I don't hate so much, now.

I was sure yesterday, I could forgive him—but it hurts so, when I talk about it, that I'm almost afraid now I could not. Though if he is sorry, I would like just to let him know. O I wish I had not spoken about it!"

The Indian rose, and went over and stood in the opening, his face turned from the two in the wigwam. And the priest hid his own in his hands as he leaned forward and spoke to the boy.

"Claude," he said, "Claude, I think he does know."

The boy looked up with wonder at the words. "You have seen him?" he asked, "and told him?"

"No," said the priest. "I mean that he knows—that you have shown him—Claude, I—Tell him, Paul, I cannot."

The Indian turned and faced the two, the boy eager with wonder, the man weak with humility and remorse.

"Tell me, Paul," repeated the boy. "What does he mean?"

"He mean," said the Indian slowly, "both men one man—one who laugh, one who cry, same man—first laugh, then cry, laugh last only little while, cry last all years, to

now—cry wash laugh all out, no more laugh, only big sorry now, big sorry all time since the cry—only one man, man who cry."

The boy understood. His white face turned whiter, then flamed for a moment with passion, and faded again to its wonted paleness. But he did not speak. Outside, the glow of the noon had changed to gray, and the green shadows from the firs entered the wigwam and cast a gloom over all.

A step broke the twigs of the footpath, and a man pushed past the Indian and entered the camp. It was the French Secretary, Des Gautiens. He had come to Port Royal in the same ship with the priest, but had spoken no word concerning the buried treasure. Making no answer now to the priest's inquiring look, he went direct to the bed where the Hunchback lay. "Your pardon again, lad," he said. "The money is safe. You are made of stuff like the rock itself. Your pardon for my hard words and rough usage. I was a brute, can you forgive it?"

This time the boy did not refuse the proffered hand. But filled with other

thoughts, he made no reply, and listened silently, while Gautiens related the story of the hidden treasure. "The king shall give him a generous share," said the Secretary, "and he can live in luxury the rest of his days, and know that it pays to have a straight soul even if the body be bent."

At these words the priest lost his interest in the Frenchman's tale, and turned again to the Hunchback.

"Now if I could but remember where the casket is hid," said the boy wearily, as he met the Father's glance. "If I could do that, then I would have done all the things I waited for—all the things."

"Not all, Claude," interposed the priest. "Not all, there is one thing yet."

"It seems as if I might remember," he wearily continued, unmindful of the Father's words, "it seems as if I might, but I cannot." And a shadow that was not from the firs, settled on the white face.

"There is one thing yet you have not done," said the priest again. "Can you not do it? I have no right to ask it, but say it to comfort me. Think a moment, and say it, Claude."

"I am thinking, all the time," he replied—

"all the time, and—most, about the man who picked me up—and cried. Oh, if I could but remember where the gold is! I can almost remember—now—almost." And the eyes brightened for an instant, and then the light faded from them forever. And the contorted little form was no longer a humiliation to the brave spirit it had imprisoned.

The buried treasure by the rock was delivered to the French monarch. The reward promised the Hunchback, Des Gautiens himself received; and in further recognition of his act of integrity, he was given the high office of Commissaire Ordonnateur, which he held until his death.

No one knows whether the casket of gold has ever yet been found. Some who tell the story say that the Indian discovered its hiding place and reserved it for his own people. Others think the priest himself secured it before he returned to France. More than one adventurer has sought it, and many believe that somewhere in the vicinity of the great rock it will yet be found.

The Kaduskak Giant

The Kaduskak Giant

BREEZE-KISSED and azure-crested, in the depths of the "forest primeval" lies the great Lake Rosignol, seventy square miles of placid pure fresh water, stretching out into deep shadowy bays and gemmed with a hundred tree-crowned islands. Over its rippling surface swim the wary wild fowl, and down to its white sand shores come the untamed beasts to drink of its limpid waters.

"Rosignol" was the name of the first white man who looked upon this, the largest area of fresh water in Nova Scotia. In the latter part of the sixteenth century he traded with the Indians who lived along the

river that runs from the lake to the ocean. De Monts, commander of the French colonization emprise in 1604, found him at the mouth of the river, and robbed him of his stores. He wandered off into the great forest and finally died, on a small island near the north end of this lake, and his name like a lost spirit has ever since clung to its blue waves and echoed among its surrounding hills.

On the western shore is a deep and narrow rapid stream, or channel, which discharges into Lake Rosignol the great volume of water of the chain of lakes to the north. This stream cuts through a narrow ridge of land which forms a dam, holding back the water and raising it many feet above the lower lake, hence the roaring rapidity of the fall, designated by the Indians "Kaduskak," which means "screecher."

To the north of Kaduskak is a great wooded hill, rising toward the sky like the dome of some vast edifice, throwing giant shadows deep down in the dusky water of Rosignol on its southeast, and spreading acres of reflected forest over the twilight surface of the silvery lakes to the north and

west. Here for centuries out of memory the wild men of these regions buried their dead. The great beeches and oaks had never felt the shrivelling smoke of the camp fire, or echoed the twang of the hunter's bow; the place was Sacred Ground.

Early in the forenoon of the twentieth day of September, 1795, two canoes, each containing a white man and two Indians, came up Lake Rosignol and landed at the foot of the hill, near the north bank of the Kaduskak.

The white men were Frenchmen lately from France. They had come to this place from Liverpool at the mouth of the river, and had there secured the services of the Indians, who were old hunters and experienced guides, to take them up the lakes.

The Indians were not long in finding out that the handsome athletic men whom they served were not only practised huntsmen, but knew more than they told about the locality chosen for the hunting ground, for the strangers themselves selected the place to land, directed where the camp should be built, and designated the rivers and lakes with the names by which they were known to the Indian people. And though they

enjoyed as keenly as their guides the exciting contests with the moose which the Indians with their long birchbark cones would call up just at daydawn, they spent much of their time on the great hill, among the graves under the fine old trees, as if in search of something.

One day one of the Indians who saw them there searching, said to them: "Long ago —one time—Indian findem here very fine small gun—maybe you findem nother."

The men at once eager and full of questions about the weapon, learned that it had been picked up by Chief Alexis of the Micmacs, and that he lived at Liverpool Ponhook, now called Indian Garden. It was a distance of about nine miles, but they at once set out for the place.

Far back as tradition ran, this spot had been a favorite dwelling ground for the red men of Acadia. South of it and swarming with fish, ran the great river to the ocean. North of it, flecked with wild fowl, was the majestic Rosignol. East and west were vast forests filled with moose and caribou and smaller game. Thus surrounded and supported they lived and loved and died, these wild

forest dwellers, now nearly exterminated.

The old chief was soon found, and though at first stolidly refusing to let the strangers even see the small gun, a rich gift of gold at length prevailed, and he brought from its place of safety a pistol of large caliber, richly mounted in gold, and silver, and mother-of-pearl, such as was carried about the middle of the seventeenth century by the French nobility.

The Frenchmen offered to buy it, at the Indian's own price. "Me no sell 'em," said the chief. "Me find 'em—no mine. Maybe man who lose come some day, then I give 'em him."

Seeing that no persuasion of money could induce the chief to part with the weapon, one of the men said, "we will tell you a story, then perhaps you will sell us the gun."

"May be," said the Indian, "I give you otter skin, if good story; but not sell you gun."

"Forty years ago," said the Frenchman, "our people were very many in this country —thirty thousand, perhaps. In September, that year, British soldiers from Massachusetts, came here and took most of the

people prisoners, and put them on board vessels and landed them in strange countries without food or money, so that many of them perished from want.

"At Grand Pré the people were first taken, then at Chignecto, and then at Port Royal. Soon as the people at Port Royal knew what had been done at Grand Pré, they held councils. Some wanted to flee to France in a ship then in the harbor, others wished to go to the woods and remain concealed until the soldiers had left, and then return to their homes.

"Among those who wanted to go in the ship was a young man from Paris, named Pierre Alençon, the youngest son of Count Alençon of France. This young man was an artist. He had been in this country three years taking sketches and making pictures of the wild beautiful scenery.

"At Port Royal he made acquaintance with a young girl whom he met at the house of the village cure. This girl's name was Pauline. She was the child of a French girl who had been taken captive by the Iroquois Indians at a battle with the Micmacs, and forced to marry a young brave of that tribe. When she was ten years old

her mother died, and soon afterward her father was killed in battle, and she had wandered back to her mother's people, living sometimes with them and sometimes with the Micmac Indians up the river.

"Pauline was beautiful, like the wild flowers and birds; when the artist saw her he loved her, but knew he could never marry her. Pauline did not know or understand the bar of nobility, and loved the artist without hindrance of thought.

"A year of this acquaintance passed. During the summer Pauline had been at Port Royal with her mother's people, and on the evening that the dread news of their threatened exile reached the inhabitants she and the artist were walking near the edge of the forest on the outskirts of the Settlement, and Alençon was persuading the girl to go with him in the ship to France. But his persuasions were useless, she would go, but only as his wife. While he was anxiously talking there came upon the air the sharp twang of a bow-string, and an arrow passed through his body and fell to the ground a few yards distant.

"The girl gave a loud cry of alarm, not alone for the wounded artist, but for her

own safety as well. She knew that only one man in the country could send an arrow with such force, and that he was the hated Iroquois giant, Plasquit."

The old chief had hitherto listened indifferently to the narrative, and in silence, but at the mention of Plasquit he turned his face a little toward the story-teller.

"This man," continued the Frenchman, "was now in the service of the British, as a guide and spy. He had followed the girl for two years, and claimed her for his wife because her father was an Iroquois and he an Iroquois brave.

"Her cry brought instant assistance from a passing group of men, and it was soon found that the arrow was not barbed, and the wound not certainly fatal. The giant had been concealed in the woods near by, and fled as soon as he saw the men rush to the girl's rescue, but before they could organize for pursuit, there came tidings from the town that the soldiers were marching upon the settlement, and that an armed vessel was at the entrance of the harbor, to prevent escape by sea.

"There was left them no alternative but flight to the woods. By dark they collected

what arms they had, and as much provision as they could carry, and set out for a hiding-place in the depths of the great forests to the south, the wounded artist carried on a kind of handbarrow hastily constructed out of such materials as were near at hand.

"Some friendly Micmacs accompanied them as guides, leading them over the hard land, among the rocks and large old trees so that no footprint could be found! No one was allowed to pluck a leaf or break a branch, to leave a trail for their pursuers. By dawn they had made six miles, by night-time eleven more, reaching a small stream on the south side the mountain, where they prepared to camp and rest. But here one of their countrymen joined them with the news that Plasquit the giant with some of the soldiers, was about to beat the woods in search of Pauline and the artist.

"For the soldiers alone they had not much fear, as they would be strange to the deep forest ways and soon give up the search, but the giant Plasquit had an enemy to kill and a prize to capture, and he would assuredly find their hiding place.

"It was clear that they must either return to the settlement and give themselves up,

or make a forced march through the forest to the Atlantic coast, a distance of about fifty miles. They decided to make the march.

"But the artist was now in the delirium of fever and could not stand the journey, so Pauline and two Micmacs volunteered to

The Quiet Lake

remain with him and take their chances of escaping Plasquit.

"There were two canoes at the headwater of the river, two miles distant. To these the people helped carry the sick man, placed him in one of them, and some provisions in the other. The Indians were each armed with a tomahawk, bow and arrow, and a

woodman's axe. The only firearms in their possession being an army pistol, always carried by the artist, and now stuck in the belt of Pauline's dress."

"Uough," said the Indian, and this time turned his face full toward the story-teller.

"For three days they paddled the canoes southward down the streams, and through the lakes, till they came to the burying-ground at Kaduskak. There they landed and built a camp near the east shore of the stream, considering themselves safe, even from Plasquit, as they were confident they had left no trail, and that he would think them with the people who had marched across the country.

"The artist was still delirious. For two weeks they stayed there, unmolested, Pauline caring for the sick man, and the Indians providing the food and guarding the camp.

"One afternoon, as they watched, they saw a raft of logs floating down the lake toward the Kaduskak. It was far up the lake, but was slowly approaching the shore near their camp, although the wind was blowing up the lake.

"A raft on a lake, with no one to propel it, and going against the wind, was enough

to put these red men on their guard. One of them climbed a spruce-tree, and after watching for some time until the strange craft drew nearer, saw lying flat among the logs that were piled along the sides, the huge body of Plasquit, and beside him four soldiers. Certain that they were discovered, the Indians and Pauline set themselves to work to defend the camp. It was useless to attempt escape.

"Before dark the wind suddenly increased to a furious gale, throwing up a heavy sea. The raft began to break up, and its occupants were forced to cling to the separate logs, allowing themselves to drift before the wind, which landed them toward morning on the southwest shore of the lake.

"Lying in the rapid stream, and reaching nearly across it was a large pine, which had blown down in the gale that broke up the raft. This tree would form a bridge for Plasquit and his men to cross. White men in this situation might have cut the tree from its roots and sent it adrift; not so the Micmacs. From it to the camp was about three hundred steps, through trees that were set close together. All day the Indians and Pauline cut and twisted withes,

and tied them from tree to tree, between this landing place and the camp, about as high as a man's knee from the ground. In and out, in every direction these wood ropes were woven, like a net, always across the way from the tree to the camp, but open at the ends so the Indians could run in between them and strike a man who would be tripped by going against them. They were the color of the trees among which they twined, and could not be seen in the night.

"This done, Pauline, under the directions of the artist, who had in the anxiety of their fear rallied considerably, drew from the pistol the load, picked the flint, and carefully reloaded it with two balls and as heavy a charge of powder as it would safely carry. Then they watched and waited the attack.

"As the Indians had expected, their pursuers approached the opposite bank and chose the fallen tree to cross the channel, Plasquit leading the men. Waiting on the shore till all were at his side, he sprang, hatchet in hand, into the thicket, only to find himself thrown headlong on the ground, and by the time he got to his feet

to see two of his force dispatched with tomahawks.

"Back to the bank he rushed, seized his musket and fired at one of the Indians as he was driving a tomahawk into the head of another of the soldiers. The Indian fell, but at the same time the remaining soldier was killed.

"Again Plasquit seized his hatchet, and pressed against the network. It yielded before his great strength as if the withes were threads of tow. The surviving Indian, faint from his own wounds, feared to attack, and fled into the deep forest. In a moment the giant was at the last rope next the camp.

"There Pauline met him, with the pistol in her right hand. The withe gave way as had the others, and with a yell of triumph he sprang forward and clasped the girl in his giant arms, at the same instant falling to the ground with two bullets through his heart; for Pauline following the artist's instructions had fired when the muzzle of the pistol was almost against his breast.

"The arms tightened around her as death convulsed the great muscular frame, and she fell to the earth with him, in a swoon.

"The suspense and terror of the fight had stupefied the artist, and he lay all through the night unconscious. When he came out of the stupor he heard moaning cries, and caught the sound of Pauline's voice. In spite of his condition he was able to get to the place where she lay, locked fast in the dead giant's arms.

"The Indian guide, had returned through the night, and thinking them both dead, had himself fallen into a deep sleep, but he now wakened, and hastened to the spot, and together they sought to extricate the girl from the dread embrace. Their united strength was not enough to bend the giant arms now stiffened in death, and they were forced to break them with a hatchet. Pauline was unhurt.

"The Indian buried his companion and the great giant in separate graves, and secured the guns of the soldiers, and their ammunition, then taking the largest canoe, he and Pauline placed the Frenchman on the bottom, and started off down the big lake, toward the river that ran to the sea.

"After some delay they learned of a trading vessel, ready to sail for France, and

gained consent of the owner to carry them thither.

"From the night of the fight at Kaduskak, the young artist had been constantly growing better, and had by this time nearly recovered his usual strength. Among those who were to take passage in the ship was a missionary priest who had been out for some years with the Micmacs and was returning to France. Pierre Alençon's proud family had now no weight when put in the balance against the girl's love and bravery in risking life and honor for his sake. He asked her to marry him, and the missionary priest made them man and wife.

"When they bade the brave and faithful Micmac good-by, and gathered up the few things they wished to take with them, they then for the first time missed the pistol with which Pauline had shot the giant. The loss of it was a great grief to the artist, for the weapon was of great value. It had been made by a wonderful gunsmith and the stock was inlaid with gold and silver in design and lettering like this one you have found."

"Uough!" repeated the Indian.

"Neither of them had seen it after the

shooting. There was no time to make search, and they sailed for France without it and never came back again. But two of their sons have come—We are the children of Pauline and Pierre Alençon. We will give you great price for this pistol. It is the one our mother killed the giant with."

"Your father alive?" asked the Indian.

"Our father died three years ago."

"Your mother alive?"

"She was when we left France."

The old chief handed the pistol to the man who told the story. "You take it to France," he said, "give it your mother—tell her I keep it for owner—owner dead, now hers—good-by."

No persuasions could make him accept anything in return, and the strangers were obliged to leave without rewarding this old king of the forest for his stolid adherence to right and honor.

About thirty years ago there went from Milton in Queen's County, up the river to Indian Gardens, a party of gentlemen on a hunting tramp. With the number was a professor of a Western Medical College, who wished to get a skeleton of a male

Micmac Indian. He and two others of the party concluded to rob the burying-ground at Kaduskak. They opened a very long mound and found complete a massive skeleton, with the bones of both arms broken.

An old Micmac named Cobleale Glode was asked about this giant skeleton. "Uough," said he, "Plasquit!" and related the story substantially as told here. He said he was told it by the old Chief Alexis.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the old sagamo heard the story from the Frenchmen, and the lumberman's axe and scathing fires have denuded the islands and forests along the shores of Rosignol. But the breeze still dimples its surface, and the little waves still fret its sandy shores; the hills still mirror themselves in its deep quiet bays, and the wild fowl still dip over its moonlit breast.

The Fugitives of French Cross

The Fugitives of French Cross

THE southern coastline of the Bay of Fundy directly opposite Isle Haut, makes a bend into the range of hills called North Mountain, thus gaining for its boisterous waters a peaceful sweep of perhaps three square miles of surface. From the radius of this curve the great Bluff that forms the sea-wall, sentinel-lined with straight black spruces, breaks and bends and dips till either end is lost to view in the blue of sky and sea.

Near the western slope of the bend, a point of land, green to within a few yards of tide-mark, stretches out into the Bay. On this point, where the green merges into

the gray of the rocky shore, a white cross, seven feet high, stands outlined against the blue water; and the green of the sod around it for many rods is like that of old battle-fields where human bones enrich the soil beneath and feed the herbage above.

The brown-leaved beeches that stretch their long branches out over the stony mountain road, make a hazel flutter in the breeze, but tell no tale of the Cross. The little brook that rushes over its rock bed by the point, sparkles and frets its grassy shores, and loses itself in the great Bay, with never a syllable of the years of the past. The foaming tide that laps and swirls up over the rocks and the dim gray sand comprehends not the mystery. The tall firs that stand in clumps on either side the brook are of other centuries and know the story; but they have been long visited in vain by the balm of spring and summer, and drooping silver moss drapes their dead and whitened branches. Only that dark, green grass about the Cross chronicles the tale of its erection, only in its verdure is there relic of the sad occasion.

On the 12th of September, 1755, at Bel-

isle, on the river near Port Royal, the grand old forest of mountain and valley was bright with the many-colored leaves of autumn. But there was neither sunlight nor gladness in the homes of the hamlet. Belisle was full of sorrow and perplexity. This day the news had reached the people that they were prisoners of the English king, and as soon as his soldiers could reach the place, their houses and barns would be burned, and themselves put on board vessels to be taken to strange countries, to perish from loneliness of heart and wretchedness of condition. Their only escape from such a fate was secretion in the vast forests about them, and this stern alternative these hitherto free and happy Acadians had accepted.

Since dawn they had been busy in preparation for the abandonment of their comfortable, cheerful homes, and all that the labor of their hands had accumulated and made their own. Their storehouses and barns filled with winter supplies, their cattle, their fowls, their comfortable beds and social firesides were to be left for destruction and confiscation. Not a man or woman but must part with breaking heart

from productive acres and endeared habitation, and plunge empty handed into the wild woods of the great hills.

Through the day the men in groups had been going to and from the log house of Pierre Melançon which stood among the great trees about half a mile from the settlement. This man was a hunter and trapper. All the country knew Pierre Melançon, and he knew the country. Hardly a square mile of forest that had not felt his footstep; even the Bay of Fundy had been crossed by him, and the land beyond it was not unfamiliar. His terrible strength and powers of endurance had made him known to both French and Indians. No man among them could travel so far in a day or carry so great a load. His adventures with wild beasts and savage tribes were everywhere told with wonder and admiration. Though Time had registered seventy and five years against him, and whitened his beard and hair, he was still erect and strong, and feared and admired; and when on this day of distress three hundred of his countrymen started in heroic flight from Belisle, by universal consent he was chosen their leader and protector.

Soon as darkness came over the hamlet, this forlorn hope of a captured and expatriated people set out for the fastness of the old woods.

Many of the men carried guns and ammunition, others brought provisions hastily prepared, the women and children took clothing and blankets, and not a few of them had in their arms little ones too young to walk. One man only was loaded with what seemed a useless burden—on his shoulders was a pickaxe and shovel, and coil of rope.

All that night they journeyed, up the side of the mountain that separates the valley where they had lived so happily, from the blue Bay of Fundy to the north of them, and early in the forenoon of the next day they reached its summit and rested.

The plan of march was to keep on the top of the mountain range and make their way eastward to the bluff of Blomidon. From there the distance by water was short to the mainland across the Bay. In the vicinity of Blomidon they hoped to find some friendly Indians who would convey them to Chignecto, where there was a large Micmac encampment; from there on their

march would be easy to the numerous French villages between Chignecto and Beau Sejour.

The distance to this Bluff was about one hundred miles. For three weeks they journeyed, some part of each day and all of the nights, resting, and had made fifty miles of their march when they were met by an unlooked-for foe. Seven times in these weeks had the pickaxe and shovel been used, and each time a little mound of fresh earth at the roots of a tree told the tale of a mother's bereavement. The provisions brought from the farms were now entirely gone. Beechnuts and game were the only available food. It did not agree with the stomachs of this cereal and vegetable-fed people, and at the end of the third week what had at first seemed only a casual sickness developed into an alarming malady, every child of the party being stricken with it.

They slackened their march, and for seven days made not as many miles of their journey. By this time the disorder had spread to the weaker of the adults.

They held council together, and at the decision of their leader, directed their march

over and down the mountain, at nightfall coming upon a quiet little cove making into the mountainside from the Bay of Fundy, with shallow sand shores lined with old pines and beeches of primeval growth. Here the wise old hunter hoped by means of brush weirs constructed beneath high-water level, to catch some tide-belated fish, thinking by change of food to check or break up the illness that had so fatally seized upon his people.

The day following their arrival was clear and warm, and was spent in making their camps for a couple of weeks' stay. Under the thousand-year-old beeches, many of which still retained their leaves, ripe but not ready to fall, these camps were built, out of the boughs of firs, and beds made from younger growths of the same tree. Some brush was cut and carried down to the shore to construct the weirs on the morrow. Then the sick and weary fugitives laid themselves down to sleep with the consoling thought of fresh food for another day.

Night came on, clear and calm and liquid, with myriad stars flashing in a cloudless autumn sky. But midnight brought a sudden and ominous change, and before the

dawn a snowstorm from northeast was piling its cold crystals around the camps and over the ground. All the next day and night the air was thick with the drifting fall, and the following day saw the whole country round covered to the depth of two feet with the air intensely cold.

The disheartened Acadians knew well what this unexpected storm meant for them. "Winter has set in," they said to one another. All hope of reaching their friends across the Bay was now at an end. With the last whirl of the uncompromising snow, that hope had expired. Here they must remain until spring.

The cold weather they did not greatly fear; fuel was plenty, and the great beeches under which their camps were built were like a wall against the wintery winds. Food was the necessity for which there seemed no source of supply. Even the prospect of fresh fish was almost entirely cut off by the intense cold that froze the ebbing tide to the rocks and sand, covering the bottom, where the weirs should be made, with thick ice.

Their ammunition for the guns was mostly gone. Travel in search of game

could only be done by strong men, and of these but few now remained, for hardy as the Acadian farmers were for their ordinary pursuits they could not endure the unaccustomed rigors of hunger and fatigue. The only certain obtainable fare was the small bivalves called mussels, that cling to the tide-submerged rocks, procurable only by great exposure to wet and cold.

Four months they lived on these fish—died on them—for as the heaps of empty shells without the camps grew daily higher, the people within who were trying to subsist upon their viscous contents grew despairingly less, and on the first day of March there were left but ninety of the three hundred. The ominous pickaxe and shovel had covered more than two hundred of those who cast inquiring glances at them on the day of the start.

March came in "like a lamb," and continued fine. The snow gradually melted, the ice-caked rocks emerged from out their clothing of frost. The little brook from the mountain side, released from its imprisonment of ice, babbled its old spring melody as it rushed onward to the salt green sea. And soon birds from seaward and animals

from land skimmed the shores and roamed round the camps, but to no avail for the starving inmates; for the ammunition had been long exhausted, and their guns were useless.

The distress of the past months was nothing compared with these days of March. Through some freak of nature the mussels which had hitherto been found clinging to the rocks were not there when the ebbing tide disclosed their wonted resting place. For more than a week the rocks were visited vainly by the starving fugitives; then a few were found. But there were fewer people to need them, for in this time their number was reduced to sixty.

In this starving condition they remained until the seventeenth, and at noon of this day a canoe containing two Indians, came up the Bay in search of porpoise.

One of the Indians was an old man, the other a young strong lad. They met with friendly words the starving men who crept to the shore in greeting, and when they had landed their canoe freely dispensed their small provision of fish and game among the sick and despairing fugitives.

There seemed little hope, however, of receiving from them more than the immediate relief. They were not from a large encampment as the Acadians had at first supposed. They lived by themselves, down the Bay.

But in the course of their talk the old Indian learned the name of their leader, and

Shores Near Blomidon

the distress he had shown at being unable to rescue the fugitives seemed to vanish at mention of this old hunter whose deeds of might and bravery had made him known to all in days long past. All the afternoon the Indian went about and talked with the people, and as he left each camp he left

hope in the faces of the famishing inmates. From camp to camp the strongest men followed, a dozen accompanying him when near sunset he approached the shelter of Pierre Melanson, who true to his life-long seclusion had made his abode many yards separate from the others.

For weeks the old hunter had not been out; he was stricken with the same malady that had proved fatal to so many of his companions.

The Indian led the way and entered first the camp. Seated on a bed of worn-out boughs was the gaunt and shrunken frame of the giant hunter. His white hair and beard, uncut and uncombed for months, rested on his brawny shoulders and broad breast. At sight of the Indian he gave the Micmac salutation of friendship, and bade the men enter.

"Is there help?" he asked.

A few of the men responded to his bidding, but none of them met his glance as the foremost of them answered, "There may be help."

The old Indian seated himself beside him, and without a word of explanation said:

"You been across the Bay to Chignecto in canoe?"

"Aye, twice," replied Pierre Melançon, with a gleam of pride lighting his sunken eyes.

"My people and your people are there—many—they would come and bring you in canoes if they knew," said the Indian.

"Aye, if they knew!" echoed the old man sadly, as he looked at the men who stood in the doorway of the camp, their white starving faces a dumb echo to his sad words.

"I have here," said the Indian, "one good canoe, and my boy, brave and strong—he will paddle canoe across, but does not know the course, nor the bad eddies in the tide on the other shore."

"The tide and the bad eddies and the other shore," murmured the old hunter to himself.

"Could you find that other shore again?" asked the Indian.

"Who could find it so well!"

"Aye, who could find it so well as you," echoed the men outside the opening, "who could find it so well as you?"

The old wife Josette had been sitting silent at the head of the camp. As she

heard the murmur of the men she started, and glanced sharply at them, at the new tone in their voices, the new look in their eager, hungry eyes; and she read their wish. She crossed over and sat down in front of the weak and wasted form of the old hunter, who seemed hardly to hear the words nor comprehend their significance.

"The tide and the currents and eddies, and the other shore—the other shore," he still murmured, as if recalling his past life with its deeds of strength and daring. "Who knows them so well as Pierre Melançon!"

"To-day," said the old Indian slowly, "is Saint Patrick's—moon full—always calm on sea then—no storm in two days. My brave will paddle—will old hunter go too and guide to other shore and keep canoe from bad tide and eddies?"

The old man's hands dropped on his knees. He turned and looked at the men. Then his head fell forward on his breast, and there was silence in the camp.

The men now crowded eagerly within the opening, but no one spoke. The faithful old wife drew nearer him and placed her small thin old hands in his great bony ones

and held them there for minutes—it seemed hours to those who watched.

A shudder came over the man, and shook him as with mortal fear; then it subsided and he breathed long and labored, like a strong man in deep sleep.

At last the old wife spoke.

"Pierre, you will go, your strength may come back."

The old man raised his bowed head, and seeming for the first time to recognize her, said firmly:

"Aye, old wife, it has come now. I will go to the other shore, and I will paddle the canoe, too." And without further words from his tightly-closed lips Pierre Melançon placed on his white head a small cap of otter-skin and stepped outside the camp, followed by the silent old wife who still held firmly to one of her husband's hard hands.

It was then sundown. The full moon was already silvering the crested waves of the great fretful Bay, and the tide at full flood surged lazily against the gray rocks on the shore and backed up the waters of the rippling brook, while it waited its summons seaward.

Direct to the shore, where the canoe lay

the old man walked, rapidly and firmly, the men who had accompanied the Indian to the camp, and many others of the party, following.

At the shore they brought to him their last food—three of the twenty mussels they had that day secured from the rocks. But he did not partake of them.

"You must eat to give you strength," they urged.

"I have strength," he replied, "and I have not tasted food for two days." And turning to the young Indian, he said:

"Shove her off, and get into the bow." Then he bent down and kissed his old wife farewell, and taking the strongest of the three paddles, he seated himself in the stern, and without further word or signal struck the blade into the water with such force that the canoe shot ahead like an arrow.

Seldom, if ever, went a bark canoe on more humane errand, or was one impelled by two men as strong, both possessed of giant frames, the one fired and fed by the hot blood of youth, the other fired but not fed, with that strange impulse that sometimes seizes upon old men in great emer-

gency and for a time restores the muscular might of younger days.

Seated in the stern the old Frenchman's paddle was both oar and helm.

Never once slackened the strong strokes. Smaller and smaller grew the fleeting canoe to the spell-stricken people on the shore, and at length passed from their sight. Higher and higher in the blue star-fretted arch rose the mystic March moon, till it reached the zenith of its course, and then the canoe had reached Isle Haut, that solitary upheaval of igneous rock which lifts its hundred acres of forest four hundred feet from the sea around it. On the south side the massive trap rises in overhanging cliffs of towering grandeur, lofty and inaccessible. On the northeast a collection of sand forms a small bar, and within this is a beautiful basin of clear and placid water. Straight to this basin the dexterous paddle of the old man directed the canoe, so that it lay out of reach of the rushing tide that now swept down the Bay. There they rested for a time, then starting on again, headed the canoe for the other shore, across the mighty tide river of the great Bay, by the whirling eddies, and over

the foaming currents and curling waves above the shoals, and at sunrise rounded the lofty cliff of Chignecto and entered between the isolated towers of greenstone that line the narrow opening a mile east of the cape. Leaving the canoe on the small beach which the sea has thrown up at this place, the old hunter's keen eyes following the trail, they made their way through the thick spruce that skirted the ravines, and up over the pathless hills, direct to the Indian village.

There he was greeted by many who knew him, both Micmac and French, for from Beaubassin as from Port Royal many of the Acadians had escaped to the woods. The tale of his coming was told in few words, and great was their sorrow to learn of the famishing refugees across the Bay. In two hours volunteers had manned the strongest of the canoes, and the large boat used in summer for fishing.

While they were busy in the preparations the old hunter rested, but ate nothing; and when they were ready to cross the Bay he insisted on returning with them. In vain they sought to dissuade him from attempting the journey, in vain they urged rest and food.

When they gave him his choice of place, he seated himself in the bow of the large boat, with his broad back fitted into the breast-hook, and his face toward the shore he had by superhuman effort reached.

* * * * *

When the Fugitives lost sight of the fleeting canoe they went to their camps and slept, but when night came on again the men gathered on the shore and began their watch. With the men was the old wife; no entreaties could move her from the rocky point. Long before the others saw, she caught sight of the waving line of black off the island, long before the others heard, she caught the sound of the oar in the row-locks, and afar off recognized the great gray head and brawny shoulders in the bow of the large boat.

As they neared the strand she wondered why he did not turn his face shoreward and see her patient waiting. The others who crowded down to gaze on their means of deliverance noted it also, and marvelled among themselves.

Only the brave young Indian who sat in the bow with him, did not wonder. He had seen the death dew gather on the cold

pale face, and the dim eyes still fixed on the receding shore lose their luster. He knew, but would not say it, that the brave old hunter had found earth's final shore and was at rest at last.

The boat's keel grated on the sand, and the crew leaped out; only the old man and the Indian remained. The fugitives crowded close about them, and the faithful old wife threw her shrunken arms around the neck of her husband, but with a faint, childlike wail fell over on the wet sand, uttering but the one word "Dead!"

"Dead!" they echoed, "he died for us!" and tenderly they lifted the rigid body of the old hunter and carried it to the dry beach beyond, returning to help the old wife. But she too had found the other shore; that cry was all the anguish earth could claim.

In the spring-mellowed soil on the point they dug a deep wide grave, burying the hunter and his old wife together, and at the head of the grave, deep down to the bottom, they set a great rough oak cross, that for more than a hundred years stood there, the mute symbol of hope and sacrifice.

A day and a night the rescuers rested.

The next morning was fair, and the people were stowed in the canoes and the large boat, and safely carried to the other side of the Bay, where they eventually found homes with some of their countrymen. The spot where they landed is to this day called Refugee Cove.

A quiet village stands now where those liberty loving Acadians lived and starved and died on that winter flight of "55." For a century and more it was known as French Cross, in recognition of the memorial erected by them to their loved leader Pierre Melançon. The name has in late years been changed to Morden. The rough old oaken cross is gone. Time levelled it to the ground. But another stands in its stead, placed there by John Moore Orpin, Esq., to perpetuate the memory of an heroic deed and preserve for future generations this page in the history of an expatriated people.

The Story of Bloody Creek

The Story of Bloody Creek

TWELVE miles above the old Fort at Port Royal, the Annapolis River makes a bend of its clayey banks toward the south, to receive into its tawny waters a clear mountain-stream, up which the Bay of Fundy tide urges the turbid waters of the river for a distance of half a mile. At the confluence the banks of this stream are low and level; above tide-reach they are high and precipitous, and extend in a gradual rise to the irregular upheaval of granite and slate that forms the range of hills called South Mountain.

For one hundred and eighty years this stream has been known as Bloody Creek.

Its waters are not more tawny than the river which receives them, nor are its banks more ruddy, but for nearly two centuries it has borne this sanguinary appellation.

In the autumn of 1710, Port Royal was besieged and gallantly taken by the English. The Fort was in a wretched broken-down condition, and the English captors at once began the work of facing it with pieces of round timber six or seven inches in diameter. But the unusual severity of the winter, and a terrible disease that broke out among their troops, killing more than three hundred of the five hundred soldiers left in garrison by General Nicholson, had retarded the progress of the work; and in April of 1711, the Commander gave orders for the French settlers in the Banlieue and up the river, to furnish immediately the truncheons needed for its completion.

One reason and another was urged by the French as excuse or delay, and the order was not obeyed. In May the order was changed to promises of high prices for all who would bring the batons; still there was no response. The offer was changed to a threat, followed by force, and when re-

sistance was made to the force, five of the chief men of the habitants were arrested, put in irons, and held as hostages for the good faith of their countrymen.

Two weeks elapsed; the people were full of perplexity and despair. Their chief advisers had been the imprisoned men; their priest, Father Justinian, a Recollet friar, had been seized by the English authorities and sent to Boston to be imprisoned; communication with the Settlements about the Basin and the head of the Bay was cut off, and they were without council. As day succeeded day, and one expediency and another failed, a new spirit began to be manifest, that of submitting for the sake of their imprisoned countrymen, and yielding to the command, which they well knew was but one step removed from the hated and avoided yoke of allegiance. This feeling culminated on the twenty-eighth day of June. Early that morning a report had reached them that if the batons were not brought to the Fort before noon of the thirtieth, new and effectual means would be taken to compel compliance.

Did the threat mean that the five inno-

cent hostages would be executed? this was the thought that rushed to the heart of every one as he heard. There was earnest talk among them, and but two of all the habitants held to their idea of continued resistance. These were two young men, sons of Pierre Landrie, one of the prisoners at the Fort. At sundown they were seated in the doorway of their house; they had met with hot speech the hopeless words of their elders, but as they sat apart in the quiet of the hour, their own courage was fast forsaking them.

A movement in the bushes on the little hill above them attracted their attention, and both looked at once in the direction of the noise. Down one side the hill the trees had been partly cleared, and in this cleared space stood a woman bending over a grave. The golden bars of sunlight slanting through the dark spruces flecked the white headstone and the bare brown mound it marked. The blood sprang to the faces of both men as they looked.

"When I see that grave," said Pierre the younger, "I would dare a thousand deaths rather than soil my lips with the form of a British oath."

Presently the woman turned, and walked down the little slope and into the path that led to the house. As she crossed the road that led to the Fort she paused for a moment and gazed intently down it, then pursued her way. When she reached the young men she said, "Her betrayer must be killed; if you do not do it, I will," and hurried past them into the house.

Her son's eyes followed her gaze down the fortress road, and they saw walking leisurely up it a stranger; not one of their countrymen and evidently not an Englishman.

"If Father Justinian was not behind iron bars I could swear it was his gait," said Pierre.

"Would heaven it was!" said the other. "We would not be a minority with him to lead, but they have threatened his life if he comes here again. It is very like him, but not more so than our mother's face was like his as she stood there by the grave; I could easily have taken her for him had she been in his priestly robes. It is her sorrow makes her look so stern and cold."

The stranger approached them and nodded carelessly as he met their gaze.

"I am no Englishman, and I would die sooner than submit to the cursed dogs," he said. "Is my speech strong enough to convince you I am no enemy?"

"It is strong enough to keep you inside the fortress gates if they inside heard it," said Francois.

"I have been inside them not an hour since," replied the stranger calmly, "and I came out as easily as I went in—but I used no such words while there."

"And you think to carry back some words of ours," interrupted Pierre hotly, rising as he spoke.

The stranger gazed quietly and steadily into his eyes.

"I carried nothing in," he said, "but I carried much out. To-morrow, at midnight, eighty picked men of the garrison will march up the river to the Creek, burn down your mill and the houses of your people settled near it, and take every man, woman and child prisoner. Something must be done, and at once."

"Nothing can be done," replied the young men, "there is no spirit left; the people will submit to this as they have to other things. Except we two, all are determined to obey

the order; there is no leader to urge them, and the men are all such as need to be led."

The woman was standing in the doorway, behind her sons, tall, and pale, and impassive.

"If it is a leader they lack, lead them!" she said. "The Landrie blood in your veins, your father their prisoner, your sister their victim, is not this enough to incite you?—that man must be killed; if you do not do it, I will!"

The words were hot and passionate, but they seemed to proceed from lips of stone, as she stood, statue-like, in the dim light.

The stranger started with surprise when she spoke, and as she passed out of the house and disappeared in the dusk that was fast gathering among the great trees that bordered the little graveyard on the slope, he turned inquiringly to the men.

"What does she mean?" he asked.

"It is a long story," said Pierre, "and I have neither heart nor will to tell it all—my only sister lies up there in that burying ground. She died because she believed the lying words of an English officer at the Fort, who told her he loved her. She died

in May, and since then my mother has been as you see her, her last words are always as you heard them, and since they have taken my father prisoner she has been like one in a dream. Every day she goes up there to watch for Father Justinian our priest, who has been imprisoned for more than a year now, and may even be dead for all we know. She says he is coming back, and if we hold out till he comes the English tyrants will be killed—I have thought so too, but it is too late now, no one could help, there is no spirit left."

"There are twenty-four hours of time left," said the stranger. "If the priest comes in that time he will have bloody work on hand. I am going to the Indians up the river, they may like to know what I have told you."

"You!" cried the men, "How can you go there, unguided? The Indians do not like to see men in your garb, we will go too, they know us."

"Stay where you are," said the man, "and in some way get half a dozen of your people to follow you. The English will send all their strong men on the march; they must be caught and killed, the Fort will

then be easy of capture. But the killing must be done by the Indians, and on the shores of the Creek. They will do the fighting with half a dozen Frenchmen to lead them on, and these French leaders you must in some way get—I am not used to parley, a little earlier than this time to-morrow I will meet you here."

And not pausing for further words he walked down the path to the fortress fork, where he disappeared for a few moments in the clump of trees. When he emerged again on the path he carried on his stooped shoulders a large bundle, and walking rapidly, crossed the meadow-road and disappeared in the thick woods to the south.

When dawn rimmed the hills behind the encampment at the head of the Creek, the Indians were already up, and moving about from camp to camp. Word had come from some of their tribe at Placentia, for them to repair to the head of the Bay, to assist and encourage the French to resist an expected attack of the English troops on the Settlements. As they went about their camps, busying themselves in the preparations for departure, Father Justinian suddenly appeared in their midst.

They had not noted his approach until he stood among them. In the dim dawn-light and shadowed by the great trees, he seemed an apparition, and many of them fled as they saw him.

He had changed in the 12 months' imprisonment. His hair was no longer tonsured, nor was his face shaven. But the large loose covering on his head, the gray garment of serge, girdled with a knotted cord, and the wooden sandals, were the habiliments of his Order; and his voice at once assured them of his identity, as calling several of them by name, he began to speak to them in a patois of French and Micmac much used by the missionaries after long association with a particular portion of the tribe.

He was weary and in want of food, and while he rested and ate he told them of his escape from prison, and his secret journey back to his people. Then quickly following upon this, he told them the English soldiers were to march to the mouth of the Creek that night, and at daylight attack not only the settlers, but their own encampment as well.

The Indian blood was fired; and stimu-

lated by the presence of their spiritual leader, they were hot for assault. All the morning the priest remained with them. Upon the soft ground at his feet he drew the plan of attack, showed them how they must march down the Creek to within half a mile of its mouth, where the banks on either side were high and precipitous. There among the dense woods they must

Hillside Farms

secrete themselves to wait the arrival of the soldiers who would march direct up the dark road to the Creek, where they would probably rest before advancing to the houses of the settlers.

On a sheet of bark he drew a similar plan,

and dispatched a runner, fleet of foot, to the encampment up the valley, with orders for the Indians at that place to lose no time in coming to their aid.

When he had fully explained to them the plan of attack, he told them he must leave, and go to the settlers at Port Royal to incite them also to join in the fighting. This, the Indians strongly opposed. They felt a superhuman aid in the presence of their trusted priest, and only consented to his departure on condition of his returning with a dozen or more of the Frenchmen to aid in the battle. This condition the Father promised to fulfil, and it was not far from mid-day when he started away from the encampment.

True to his word the stranger was back to the house on the slope as early as sunset rays tipped the columned hills across the river.

No one seemed to be about the place, and supposing the young men would soon arrive he sat down upon the door-stone to rest. He had waited some time when the tall woman suddenly came down the path from the hillside and approached him.

For several minutes she did not answer his inquiry for the young men, but stood gazing steadily at him. At last she spoke.

"They have not been here since morning; they are in the dungeons at the Fort, they were taken as they started out to raise volunteers to help the Indians, as they promised you to do."

While she said this, the woman was rational and natural, but almost immediately the strange apathy and calm came again upon her, and she turned and went into the house.

The stranger followed her. He was hungry, and she gave him food, and told him that the young men believed him to be a spy from the garrison, that the people generally believed the same, and would kill him at sight. Then she became again statue-like, and would not utter another word, but gazed out upon the hillside where the grave was shadowed by the gloomy firs.

"I am rested," said the man, at length, "and I am going up the river again to the Indians. I promised them aid, and I must go and give what help my two arms can afford. This night must be a bloody blow

at English tyranny." And the strange man started away into the dusky woods.

As he hurried along the dim pathway, he heard a footstep behind, and the woman came up beside him. Over her face was the strange, passive look, and in her hands was a long naked French rapier.

"That man will lead the soldiers," she said, "he must be killed; if no one else does it I must!" and passed on ahead.

He grasped her shoulder and stopped her, but she wrenched herself from his clasp and pursued her course, and he was forced to quicken his steps to keep up with her rapid pace.

At the garrison-town all arrangements were made for the attack, and the troops ready for departure.

On the previous day, there had come into the Fort a stranger, who reported himself a soldier from New England, and claimed to have been with Phips in his capture of Port Royal. He seemed to know the country round about Port Royal well, and described the Creek and the bridge across it, and the lay of the land in the neighborhood. The commander had him map out a line of

march in the most direct route and at his own request assigned him a prominent place in the expedition.

But when the soldiers set out of the Fort at midnight, this strange volunteer was not with them. His line of advance however, was confidently followed by the commander as he led his troops through the dense forest, in the dim starlight, to the designated place of attack.

Before dawn they reached the brow of the hill that banked the west side of the Creek. As they crossed the brow, the creeping wind of daydawn stirred the still night air, rustled in the tree-tops, soughed in the firs, lingered in the pines, and swayed the slim underwood. The soldiers shuddered—it is a saying, that they who shudder at this wind will never live to hear another.

Down the hill they marched, to the bottom of the valley, and on to the bridge across the Creek. "On the other side we will rest," said Captain Pigeon, as he led the way.

Most of them rested before the other brink was gained, for without warning cry, a score of savages burst from the thick

woods and rushed down the steep incline behind them; another score came down the eastern bank and on to the bridge; and packed in that narrow defile, with the rushing water on either hand, and beneath them, the savage butchery began.

Cries of pain, and dying groans, mingled with wild war-whoops, and the crimson blood of Old England and New flowed into the clear waters of the Creek.

Leading the redskins, regardless of flying bullets, was a tall man in the garb of a wayfarer. Armed with a long, straight blade, and cool even in the midst of such terrible confusion, this man seemed to head every onslaught upon the entrapped soldiers, but not once did his glittering French rapier, except in self-defense, draw blood.

Aloof from the fight, on the east side the Creek, clad in priestly robes of gray serge, stood a tall form, waving on with silent hand the death-dealing savages, who obeyed every sacerdotal gesture with wild yells of confidence.

It was quick and bloody work. In less than twenty minutes most of the Englishmen were bleeding, dead or dying, for the murderous tomahawk left no wounded vic-

tims, its blow was unerring and deadly, and the savages took no prisoners except such as seemed to promise a ransom.

An officer of the company, a young, handsome man, had been taken prisoner, and as the Indians were binding his arms, the tall, robed figure cried: "That man must be killed!"

The savage captors hesitated; he would bring a rich ransom. Again the order rang out, clear and calm:

"That man must be killed; if you do not do it, I will!" Still no hatchet was raised to execute the solemn order.

The gray-robed figure hurried forward, seized from the belt of an Indian a bloody tomahawk, and dashing it into the head of the prisoner, fell prostrate on the ground, as if dealt, instead of dealing the blow.

At this instant the tall man who had led the Indians came up to the group. The dying officer cast an inquiring glance upon him.

"It is the New England soldier!" he muttered, "he led us into this cursed trap! the traitor!"

The tall man spoke in French to the gray-gowned figure reverently upheld by the Indians.

The blood came back to the pale face, and the eyes opened and gazed around as if in search of some object. At last they fell upon the form of the dead man, lying at her feet.

"Holy Father, save me, I have killed him!" she cried. And flinging back the gray robe, the tall straight form of the insane Frenchwoman stood among the bewildered savages.

There was wild excitement for a moment. Then the strange leader took the garments from the ground and put them upon himself, straightened his stooped shoulders, and spoke to them by name and in their native speech, and they saw that it was Father Justinian the priest, who had led the bloody fight.

It was soon explained. He had escaped his captors in Boston, and dressed in disguise as a New England soldier, had easily made his entrance to the Fort at Port Royal. So completely did he deceive the garrison that they made known to him the secret expedition. His quick mind prepared a plot, and in pursuance of this had drawn up the plan which would carry the soldiers to the only place on the march

where they could be successfully attacked.

He had daringly carried his sacred habiliments with him, putting them on before arriving at the Indian encampment, and off again before approaching the Frenchmen.

Learning of the capture of the young men and the failure of French support, he quickly realized that he must himself lead the Indians in the murderous onslaught, though he had promised them priestly as well as military aid. Then as the woman walked beside him on their way to the encampment, her strong resemblance to himself in form and face, suggested the idea that he might clothe her in the sacred robes to let her personate him in urging on the fight, while he as a soldier could lead the assault. He disclosed his identity, and seeming strangely sane again she recognized him with tears of joy, entered willingly into the plot, yielded him her sword, and received full instructions for her part in the bloody fray. In the sudden heat of the attack the Indians did not closely scrutinize her, and darkness had aided the ruse.

News of the massacre spread to Port Royal. In the Fort there were but few

guards left on duty, and the imprisoned Frenchmen easily overpowered them and made their escape.

Father Justinian, though openly charged with instigation of the plot, managed to avoid arrest and punishment, and for many years remained in the province, encouraging his people to disobedience of English rule, and inciting the Indians to frequent depridations.

On the return to her home, at sight of the grave on the hillside, the Frenchwoman's reason again left her, nor was she ever afterward rational nor sensible of the deadly massacre through which she had passed. The story of her impersonation of the priest became known, and until she died the white-faced, wandering woman was everywhere called the Friar.

Forty rods above the bridge that now opens the Creek, the stringers and abutments of the old French bridge can still be traced. The east bank is cleared and cultivated, and on either side, and above and below, stretch green fertile meadows. Up from the meadows slope the wooded ranges. Only in the name that yet clings to its dashing waters is there trace of that bloody fray.

Petit Pere Felix

Petit Pere Felix

THE early twilight of an autumn day loitered in the wide valleys, and glowed on the hilltops surrounding the Basin of Cumberland. Gray gulls swirled, and swung, and poised in tranquil air between the rival blues of sky and sea. Along the distant Shepody Hills darted fleet shifting shadows, dimming the purple halo on their wooded heights, deepening the dusk upon their rugged slopes and shrub-lined sea-worn skirts. Sluggishly down the bare red flats retreated the turbid tide, full a furlong away from where at noon it washed the grass-fringed dykes that bulwarked the fertile marshes about the French village of Beaubassin.

The village was on an island-like tongue of land between the Missiquash and La Planche Rivers. Thirty dwellings, low of build and thickly thatched with grass, broke the glow of the green meadows. On a jut of land stretching out into the river near the Basin's tawny brim, stood the rough-built church of Saint Jude. Close to its north side was a long low house of better frame and thicker thatch than the other dwellings. Over this building the tall church threw a shadow, and all day long the gray obscurity crept, and shrank, and stretched, and clung to its low walls and brown straw roof.

The house had been built by the seigneur of the settlement, the gay and daring tyrant, La Valliere; and among the people was a superstition that the shadow from the church was the displeasure of God for some misdeed done within its walls. After La Valliere's recall to France it remained vacant for several years, but was now occupied by a man known to the villagers as Germain Bourgeois. He had come to the settlement from Quebec, a stranger, with his little son, a lad of about seven years, and though a Frenchman, was evidently of a better class than the settlers of Beau-

bassin, and seemed in no haste to seek the companionship of his countrymen in the village.

It soon became circulated among them that at some period in his life he had served a sentence in prison, though the nature of his crime none seemed to know. His seclusive habits and reserve of bearing strengthened the suspicion, and it began to be whispered about that Germain Bourgeois might be a murderer escaped from justice, or allowed through some political intrigue to prolong his life in comparative freedom in a new land.

The shadow on the house now appeared to deepen in meaning, and there came upon the simple peasants an ominous dread of the dismal obscuration, and a fixed secret belief that a murderer lived under the roof it darkened. The man felt their avoidance; cold repulse met him at every turn, and at length he desisted from any attempt at friendliness. His sole companion was his little son, Felix, who grew up under the cloud of the treatment accorded his father, bearing but not understanding his own lonely isolation from the other children of the village. In stolid resentment at their be-

haviour, and to more effectually bar him from companionship with those who so harshly treated them, Bourgeois taught him to speak the English tongue, a speech hated by the settlers, but which he had himself acquired in his past life.

On this autumn afternoon the lad stood in the doorway of the gray house, waiting the return of his father, who had been across to the upland ridge. He could already see him making his way slowly along the distant footpath to the village, and when he reached the chapel hill the little watcher hurried to meet him. From there the outlet of the Basin was in full view; and the boy eagerly pointed his gaze to the blue expanse. Over the land-locked bay was the dusk of approaching night, but plainly around the point of Main-a-Dieu could be seen a long irregular line of black boats.

Bourgeois glanced hastily back toward the chapel. The congregation was just dispersing. It was a Saint's day, and a larger number than usual had assembled. Moreover their priest, Pere Felix, had been ill for many months, and this was his first service. He was an old man, and the only

person in the village who showed friendliness to the inmates of the shadowed house, and now when he appeared in the chapel doorway, Bourgeois at once made motion to him to approach.

The priest, weary with the unusual effort of the service, could make way but slowly over the slope, and before he reached Bourgeois's side a group of men hurried round the chapel from the other end.

"Look to the Basin!" they called. "Pere Felix, look to the Basin! Are they French boats?" they asked, as they crowded near the priest; "or pirates, or the British?"

The priest could make no certain answer. They were not ships, but seemed to be small sloops, or shallops, and the sails were lowered from their tall slender masts.

Germain Bourgeois left the group, and took up his position close to the house; the boy followed. Even in the mutual surprise and peril the men had made no talk with him, and in their eagerness for a nearer view of the strange vessels had pushed him from the priest's side.

Darkness was now descending over the Basin. Heavy clouds with purple fringes took the contour of the Shepody peaks,

tipped them, shaded them, covered them, flung their dark shadows over the water, over the black masted boats, over the rugged shore, and, blending with the gloom of night, shut ship and sea and land from view.

Of one thing only could the anxious people be assured; they were safe from attack till noon of the following day, for the tide was at ebb, and the long stretch of slimy red mud sloping off from the grassy parapet of dyke formed a natural glacis no ship could batter or soldier ascend; unless the enemy landed during the night they were secure till the morning flood should cover their fortress. But watch must be kept, and the men be in readiness to meet a possible approach. Some sentinelled the roadways from the forest to the shore; others, with the priest, stood guard on the chapel slope.

As the dark night merged to dawn, dim and gray, the men at the roadways caught the sound of crackling brush under hurrying feet. There was an instant of terror and suspense, then the thick bushes parted and the face of an Indian peered cautiously out. The people of Beaubassin had no fear

of an Indian, certainly not of this man, who was Chief Joseph from the encampment at the Point, six miles distant. Between him and the French settlers was the closest friendship, and he at once told the excited listeners his errand. The fleet of piratical-looking craft at anchor off Main-a-Dieu was from New England, manned by four hundred soldiers and fifty savages. At next flood-tide the vessels were to land the men, the village was to be destroyed, the people killed or taken prisoners, and all their supplies and cattle carried away. An Indian deserter from the fleet had made his way in the night to the encampment, and confided the plans to the old chief.

The men hastened to Pere Felix with the dread tidings. A hurried council was held near the chapel. Some wished to flee at once to the woods, and join the friendly Indians in retreat; a few urged to remain and defend, as best they could, their houses and themselves; but all hands were panic-stricken; courage and wisdom seemed paralyzed. Even their priest, weak from his long illness, showed no strength of leadership. And while they waited, already over

the seamed glacis the foaming tide was urging its tawny waves.

In the shadowed house Germain Bourgeois and the boy had kept their own watch. They had been busy, too; on the floor lay bundles closely packed, and the man was in the long outer shed where his pirogue was kept. He was oiling her sides, and, as the boy brought them to him he stowed the bundles in her slender hold.

"What will become of the others?" the boy asked, leaning over the pirogue, and looking up at his father.

"That is not your concern or mine," answered the man. "They are not troubling themselves to care for us. If they be French in the black boats, the people have no need to fear, and you and I can return when we please. If they prove British, there is the protection parchment signed by Phips six years ago; the British must respect their own oath, then given."

"And if they should be pirates?" asked the lad.

The man tossed the last bundle into the boat, and turned away.

"If they be pirates, Felix, that is not your concern or mine, as I said before. We shall

be safe, and we were not put here to care for the others."

"Then why should they have a care for us, dad?" asked the boy, his clear eyes looking straight into the man's sullen face.

"Tush!" said Bourgeois impatiently. "Get to rest; there is an hour yet before daylight. Be glad we can escape ourselves, even if they perish. Think of how they have treated us!"

His own face darkened with anger at the thought, and he pulled the door heavily behind him, and went out to the path behind the chapel, where he could keep an outlook, but be sheltered from the general gaze.

He was still there when the sentinels came to the priest with the news of the destruction that awaited the village and its inmates. Unobserved he could watch their terror. Like a flock of frightened sheep they huddled round the pale old priest. Common pirates were better than British, they said, for British soldiers, commit their plunders under cover of royal order.

Their one expedient—the document containing their allegiance, signed by Phips—seemed not to be remembered, and Germain Bourgeois thought bitterly that if he

were in their confidence he could tell them of it, could perhaps offer to carry it out to the fleet, and possibly save the village from attack. He would do it if they had even treated him as a citizen in this time of mutual peril; they knew he spoke the English tongue, yet they had utterly ignored his aid; so he and the lad would make their

A Nova Scotian Bay

own escape, and leave the people to their fate. He knew the strength of his arm and the speed of his slender pirogue, and that he and Felix could soon be out of reach of the enemy's fleet, and safe with the Indians at the Point. If the Indians should be attacked, flight would be easy to some other

place of refuge. In half an hour they must be ready to start, for the dawn was already brightening the sky. With a sullen scowl at the fresh realization of the gulf between them, he pushed his way through the outskirts of the throng, and entered the house.

For a few moments he busied himself about the pirogue, putting in the last necessary luggage.

From the open doorway of the shed he could still see, in the gray light, the panic-stricken people, and hear their murmuring voices. Many of the women and children of the village had left their houses at word of the alarming news, crowding in with the men near the chapel. Presently there came a hush of the talk, and Bourgeois, looking out, saw them pressing closer together, as if around a common center. He left the shed, and started to seek the cause, stopping in the inner room to wake the boy, that he might be ready to start on his return.

The boy was not there. "Felix!" he called, "Felix!" but no answer came back. From outside rose a louder buzz of talk. Bourgeois hurried near the group, and to

his surprise the men parted at his approach. In their midst stood his little son.

As the new-comer, defiant and puzzled, pushed nearer, the boy saw him.

"O please don't be angry with me," he said. 'I have told Father Felix about the protection parchment, and he has gone to the chapel to find it. I know some of the French words; he has taught me; and I was not asleep, but heard them all talking, and the women crying. It can't hurt us to tell them; we shall be away ourselves; we musn't let them die when we might save them, dad!"

The man turned away from the boy's bright face, and drew him out of the throng. But the priest was already returning from the chapel, and he called to the people to remain. In his grasp was a large folded document, from which dangled a great red seal. He swung it high in air.

"This is what the lad meant," he said. "We might never have thought of it but for him. Six years ago you signed this proclamation; it is the oath of allegiance to the king of England. If it can be taken to Commander Church before he lands his men, our village may yet be spared; it is

our one hope. This is not his first pirate expedition; he will kill, rob and take prisoners. But the people he has before hunted were enemies of his king; he was avenging depredations upon his nation. The people of Beaubassin are not now enemies of the English king; you have signed this document, and some one of you must go with it to the fleet, and demand of Church that he respect the promise of his sovereign. Who will go?"

The restless water was fast covering the slimy glacis, and submerging their only defense, but no one volunteered. It meant death more likely than deliverance to the man who should make the daring demand, and the people hesitated.

"Father Felix," said one voice at length, "you are the only one who can speak the pirate's tongue." But the rest raised a murmur of disapproval.

"How can he go?" they said. "He has no strength, he could not dip a paddle."

"There is Bourgeois," said another voice, more whispering than aloud, "perhaps he would rather die that way than be hung."

It was a cruel taunt; it was not meant for the man's ears, but he heard it, and began

an angry retort, but stopped at sight of the lad, who came up beside him, and slipped his hand into the hard one, trembling even yet from the venom of the stinging words.

"We'll go, dad and I," said the clear young voice. "Won't we, dad?"

The two faces met in steady gaze; one young, alight with the brave passion of his purpose, the other old, defiant, vengeful. As they gazed, the fresh young eyes cleared the gloom, dispelled the revenge, and over the other also came the transfiguration. The man, keeping tight hold his son's hand, stepped back a few paces from the crowd.

"Men," he said, "I have no fear of meeting death by hanging; my sin was not deserving of that. The only crime I was guilty of was an undue love for gold and gain, and I served my penalty for it at the law's behest. You were not appointed to prolong the sentence as you have done, in depriving me of citizenship, and debarring my boy of his childhood's right to grow up in happy comradeship with other children. I paid clean gold for my house and land, and came among you to live a new life, and you have shut me out of all your doings, and yet have not been brave enough to

charge me to my face with what you imagined my trespass. Never mind that, now; it is full daylight and time for action; in peril we are one people. For the boy's sake, and for your own, I will take out that parchment to the pirates, and see if they mean peace or war."

It was not a cheer that rose on the still morning air; their hearts, men and women alike, were too deeply stirred for that. The dread danger at hand, the sudden hope of escape, their remorse at thought of the man's own brave spirit, and the boy standing in their midst—all this stifled the cheer. With lowered heads they stretched out their hands to him, and Bourgeois accepted their confidence. Then, as they crowded about, he spoke quick words of advice and command, and hurried away to the gray house for his pirogue.

The long slender boat was brought to the jut, and handed into the water at the little stone landing by the riverside. On the landing stood the aged priest, at his side stood Germain Bourgeois, looking out over the wide water between the boat's prow, and upon the enemy's dark shallops floating like blots on the blue Basin. Bourgeois but-

toned inside his waistcoat the document with the great seal of England's king upon it, gave his last directions, and reached out his hand to the boy.

"What, will you take him?" cried the villagers.

"He is all I have, and we would rather go together; he has no fear," said Bourgeois.

The golden sun, just atop the low thick-set spruces, hardly pierced the thick morning mist, and the chill gloom clung wet around the lad's head and shoulders. He shivered as he stepped toward his father.

The old priest unfastened his outer robe, and stooping down wrapped it around the boy's slender form. "It will protect you both," he said; "the enemy will not fire on a gray gown till they know your mission."

And now indeed rose the cheer. The men bore forward, and lifting the lad high in their arms set him in the boat.

"It is through him we may be saved," they cried. "Petit Pere Felix! he is our savior!" And in the wake of the cheer the pirogue started forth.

The people left the jut, and returned to their homes to pack and hide their valuables, and prepare for the worst that might happen.

It was nearly noon when they again gathered to watch for sight of the approaching boat. The smoke-like vapor of autumn midday filled the quiet air, and like a gauzy veil settled over the water. The tide was at its flood, and the vessels could now easily sail over the submerged flats. Bourgeois had been five hours away, and still no sign of his return.

Presently some one called, "He is coming!" and soon all eyes could see the slender pirogue shoot out from the Point, but to their surprise and terror followed by the whole fleet of pirate boats. Did they come in peace or war? Eagerly the watchers peered into the silvery mist for some token of friendliness; but neither masthead nor prow flung out a sign of safety. A few of the terrified people, fearing Bourgeois might be a prisoner, forced to act as pilot for the enemy, started back to the village, with the intention of escaping to the woods.

But as the boats approached nearer the land, the pirogue outsped the others, and the watchers could plainly distinguish its occupants. Bourgeois and the lad were unattended. Straight for the jut, the light slender craft was headed, and the interven-

ing distance was quickly covered. Bourgeois sprang ashore.

"Do they come in peace?" cried the people, clustering about him. "If they mean peace, why do they come with their black boats so near the land?"

"They visit us in peace," answered Bourgeois. "I have the oath of their commander; they respect our charter. But the men are ailing, and need fresh food and a night ashore. They want supplies, and I promised all they asked. It will be a thank-offering for our safety. Is there food ready in your houses?"

"It can be made ready," said the people, and the women hastened to their homes, where store houses and dairies were full of the rewards of their thrifty toil. Rejoicing at their deliverance they submitted to the demands of purchased peace, cheerfully feeding and sheltering the hungry horde under their hospitable roofs.

"It is Bourgeois who has saved our village," they said to one another. "It was only he who could talk them into peace. What should we have done without him! He shall be our leader. And the boy—Petit Pere Felix—how we shall love him! we will

make atonement to both for the hateful past." And with that spirit born of their averted peril, the shadow on Germain Bourgeois's name was forever forgotten.

As French power increased in Acadia other villages grew up near Beaubassin until more than a dozen circled the blue Basin, and across the marsh rose the strong fortress of Beau Sejour. To-day nothing remains of these settlements but the ruins of the fortress that guarded them. The chapel of Saint Jude and the long grey shadowed chateau of La Valliere are but storied names in the dust covered chronicles of our country's archives.

The Privateer of Hall's Harbor

The Privateer of Hall's Harbor

ON the southern coast of the Bay of Fundy, about ten miles down the shore from the lofty promontory of Cape Split, there is a sudden slope of the mural cliffs of trap. In this declivity is a narrow, vault-like opening, extending, with but slight interruption, from the shore of the Bay, through the mountain range, to the fertile valley at the south. Midway up this vault, a brook, fed by perennial springs, flows down a rocky channel to the waters of the Bay. As it nears the seaward end of the gorge its bed becomes more nearly level, and the water widens into a creek up which the tide flows, making at high water a safe shelter for small craft.

On an early May morning, more than a century ago, there was anchored at the entrance of this creek a small vessel, and on an escarpment of the cliff that banked the brook on the west side, stood seven men. They were not fishermen, nor was the vessel a fishing craft.

The lonely boundless beauty of the blue Bay, the purple mystery of the opposite heights, the rugged peaks of Chignecto and D'Or lifting their crests above the gleaming wave, and flashing ruddy tints along their sun-bathed slopes, was no new or wonderful sight to these men who were the captain and crew of the trim cutter-like craft. Three times in the previous year had they moored their cutter outside the little creek. Three times had they slept on the escarpment of the cliff, and each time had they threaded that rocky vault through the wooded mountain and reached the fertile valley beyond.

They were in no haste this spring morning. The longest trail to the valley could be covered in four hours, and they had no wish to reach it until nightfall.

Six of the men were middle-aged, strong and burly of build. The other was a youth of about eighteen, slight, and tall, and dark

of face. Without bidding, this lad started a fire among some smoke-stained stones in a sheltered slope of the cliff. When he had done this he spoke for a moment with the captain, and then descended the rocky slope to the creek where a boat was hauled up on the shore. This boat he launched, and rowed down the brook and out to the cutter, boarded her, and returned with a pail and some empty bags. The pail he filled with fresh water from the foaming mountain stream, then, going to where the men were, he threw the bags on the ground.

"They light easy," said one of the men.

"And they carry easier than they'll carry this time to-morrow," said the youth with a laugh.

"Get the water heated, and be off to the camps, on your hunt, before the sun gets higher," interrupted the captain.

"Aye, I'll be off in time," said the lad, lacing to his ankles a pair of stout buskins he had brought from the vessel.

"No fear but he'll be ready," called out another of the men, "and his heart will outrun them buskined legs, I'll be bound. The tableland holds a prize he is anxious to capture."

The youth's brown face flushed red, but he made no reply.

"Aye, he'll find the land all right," said the captain. "Six months make little change in a piece of ground; but girls and table-lands are not alike that way, lad, so don't set your heart too strong on seeing her as you left her last."

The boy was busy about the food, and took little notice of the jesting. In half an hour the breakfast was through with, and he started away.

"It's the straightest road, we want, youngster," called the captain, as he rounded the bend of the vault; "the straightest road and the fullest barns and shops. Don't venture farther down than the table-land, and remember to promise the redskins half the booty—a half promised is a quarter given, and that 'Mary Jane' of ours can sail away from a hundred promises if her cabin be full of booty."

It was a few hours past mid-day when the youth returned. He found the men anxiously waiting his arrival.

"The way is clear," he said; "we are favored as we always have been. The houses

are left unprotected to-night, most of the men are down to the river mending the dykes, and will not get back till flood-tide. The Indians are as easy to buy as tobacco. There are only three camps where there were a dozen last year, and but three grown men and some boys about them."

"Go on," said the men; "tell us about the maiden. Are her eyes as yellow and her teeth as white as last year, or was she smiling on a brave of her own people?"

"She was not there," replied the youth. "She was off to the valley, they said."

"Did you leave the trinket for her?" asked another of the group.

The lad looked angrily at him. "What trinket do you mean?" he asked.

"Tush, lad!" said the captain, "a jest is but a jest; and we have been young ourselves not so many years ago that our eyes were not yet sharp enough to see you buy the bauble last week; and you sleep so sound you did not know it slipped from your waistcoat. I dare say the sight of it brought the Indians round so easy; last trip they were hard enough to coax. But never mind the girl now, we have our hours counted and need to be alert. How many

men did you say there were in the camps, lad?"

"Three, and the boys; they will go with you and lead you to the richest plunder—they say there are fifty hams in the Squire's smoke-house."

The youth was to remain behind to guard the vessel and the boat. He preferred being left, though he did not say so. It was not more than a year since he had joined the crew of the "Mary Jane." He did his part bravely and heartily when required, but at each trip to this creek he had been left to guard the vessel. The rest of the men wondered a little that he should be kept from all four raids. But the Captain had his own reasons. He and the boy knew more of the fertile valley than the Indians who under pretence of guides had been secured as allies, but he did not divulge this to the rest of his crew.

"Keep more than half you know to yourself," he said when he engaged the youth, "and don't let what's left of the other half slip out of your reach. These are times of war, and words are sometimes more dangerous than swords."

There was a weightier reason for staying

this time than there had ever been before. In the cabin of the cutter was a strong box. Their last sea-prize had been a rich one, and in the strong box was ten thousand dollars.

Just before they started up the vault the captain rowed across to the cutter and brought back with him the treasure.

"Here, lad," he said, " 'Mary Jane' thinks it's too much risk for her, considering the sudden squalls that haunt this Bay. Put it in some kind of a hole in the ledge till we are back, and once we're safe in port again there'll be some dividing as will make your eyes bulge—think of that for company while we're off!"

The youth had not been gone two hours from the encampment on the table-land, when the Indian girl returned. This table-land was a shelf-like projection that made out from the mountain on the valley side, closed from sight toward the valley, but open toward the mountain. For years there had been a considerable encampment of Indians at the place; the little brook at the foot of the mountain furnished them fish, the stretches of beech wood, game and

nuts. Of late years both game and fish were failing, and most of their number had moved farther up the valley. The others were going soon, but for one reason and another the movement had been delayed.

The pretty half-breed Indian girl was glad of the delay. On each of the previous raids of the robber band the youth had visited the encampment, and on each occasion had smiled upon her, at the last trip giving her a bright coin, promising that in the spring time he would bring her a chain to hang it upon.

When she returned this day from her tramp down the valley, she was met with the news of the youth's visit and the expected raid; and other news than this she unwillingly heard. Her people had turned traitor to the robbers. The settlers had offered great rewards. Thrice had their houses and stores been sacked by the bold plunderers and not a night but they lived in terror of another raid. By some means they discovered that the Indians at the encampment had been allies and guides, and not daring to threaten, they coaxed and bribed the redskins to acquaint them of the approach of the robbers should they again

visit the valley. Promises of corn and flour in abundance, prevailed. Meantime a company had been formed and armed, to fight; and preparations made so that with an hour's notice the men could be gathered and ready for action.

The girl had not been acquainted with the turn of affairs, and knew nothing of it until her return from the valley this spring day. They gave her the trinket the youth had left for her, a shell necklet of East India make. When she had clasped it about her dusky throat and hung upon it the glittering coin, they told her of their plans, and of the promise they had made the settlers, and that she must retrace her steps to the nearest house to warn them. They had planned not to attack the robbers in the valley, but to allow them to secure their plunder unmolested and return with it to the shore. Meanwhile the armed men were to march up the mountain and follow the trail to the cove, where they would lie in ambush and wait their return, when weary, and careless of attack, they could be easily conquered and their booty captured.

All this the Indians made known to the girl, and ordered her on her errand.

Quietly, but sullenly, she started away from the camps, her heart beating a protest to the treachery. The robbers were coarse hard men, she cared nothing for them, but the red-cheeked youth would be in their number, and killed with the others.

From two places on her journey she could be seen from the camps, and she well knew her unwillingness to go had been noticed, and that keen eyes would be strained for a sight of her in these cleared spots. More than that, they had timed her, and set her return to an hour after sundown, so powerless to evade the errand the dark-skinned messenger pursued with unwilling feet the well-worn trail to the white men's habitations.

At the first cleared spot she looked back; she saw no one of her people, but knew she was observed by them. On she went again, down now on the edge of the fertile valley, across the little brook in the meadow, and out again to the second clearing. On from that it was but half a mile to the house of the Squire.

Once there her errand was soon told, and a messenger started away for the dykes. Then a new thought entered the mind of

the girl. If she could get back to the camp before the robbers came there she might in some way let them know of the treachery of her people. The thought was like wings to her feet; she took the trail back with double the speed of her coming, and long before she was expected, reached the table-land.

An hour or more after sundown the crew

Churches by the Sea

of the "Mary Jane" arrived at the camps. The Indians welcomed them as on previous occasions, and for a while they rested, and talked of the probabilities of the booty and the share that would fall to their allies. No suspicion of the treachery showed in the

taciturn faces of the Indians, and no thought of it entered the minds of the robbers. Three times had their raids been successful, and again fortune and night seemed in their favor, for the farmers were away from the houses, the night would be dark until midnight to aid their escape with the booty; and after that the moon would rise and light their return journey to the shore.

The girl had supposed the lad would be with the men, and that she could speak with him, but as she listened to their talk she heard them tell that he had been left behind to guard the vessel. She had been with the settlers much of her time and understood English readily, so could follow the men as they told of the way they took; now down in the vault, now up on the mountain side, down again by the brink of the brook, and straight from that to the slope of the cliff where the youth kept watch. She knew that by early dawn there would meet him men, armed, and ready to torture and slay. She slipped away from the opening where she had been listening, and back into her camp, her long tramp forming excuse for the early retiring and the lack of interest in the visit of the

white men and their perfidious betrayal by her people.

When the waning moon shone above the beech grove to the east, the girl arose and crept from the camp. The robbers and their treacherous allies had long been gone. The squaws and children were sleeping. There were no lights in the valley below. The robbers must be through their plundering and soon would be starting on the return tramp, while by another trail the armed men must now be creeping up and over the mountain side. There was a path on the east and one on the west side the gulch; which way they had taken the girl did not know, but she knew they must be an hour ahead of her, and that if she was to reach the Cove before them her feet must make no tarrying. Lithe of limb and persistent of purpose she started forth, entered the beech woods, crossed the head of the gorge, and took the western trail.

Ahead of her, ascending the brow of the mountain, was the company of armed men. The way was new to them, they were slow in making it, they lost time. It was new to the girl; but she was not slow, and she lost no time. The moon was unclouded;

native instinct guided her moccasined feet over the rough ground, and with her heart full of the purpose to save the life of the white lad who kept watch on the cliff by the shore of the Great Water, she pressed forward.

On through the forest, in the quiet night went the strange procession,—the fleet feet of the maiden, the rough robbers laden with plunder, and following fast behind them the treacherous Indians intent on getting a double share of booty—all journeying to the same point, each inspired with a different purpose.

On hastened the armed men. They did not know their blunder: the youth, the Indian maiden and the robbers were on the west side of the gorge, they had taken the east. And as it neared the shore the vault became deeper, and the mountain stream grew wide and washed high against its steep rocky banks.

When morning began to dawn, a low belt of fog skirted the Bay. The lofty promontories assumed fantastic shapes. The islands presented a delusive appearance. The white mist parted them, banked them,

tipped them, blent their jagged peaks with the sky. Slowly the grayness thickened into a dull fog; the opposite shore, the bold headlands, the islands and finally the blue waters of the vast Bay were lost to view.

At the first gleam of daylight the young man had rowed down the creek and boarded the vessel. A light breeze was springing up from the east; it was the breeze they needed to take them down the Bay. Knowing this, and that the captain would sail as soon as he could get his plunder on board, the lad loosened the sails, and as far as could be done made ready to weigh anchor.

The ever-lurking Bay fog was fast gathering over the shore, and by the time he had again reached his outlook on the cliff, it had penetrated the woods, had wrapped its gray drapery about the tall green pines, and lay like a great bank over the creek and against the steep sides of the rocky gorge.

Not a rod could his sight pierce through it. Walled in on every side he waited the return of the crew. Soon the sound of voices at a distance fell upon his quick ear and he sent a shrill whistle into the dull mist. It was not answered. The voices

sounded nearer, and came from the east side the gorge. He was puzzled—the robbers never went nor came by that trail; but again he gave the signal whistle and listened for reply.

Directly there came through the mediumistic mist the sharp click-click of the cocking of guns. At the same instant, out of the gray obscurity above him rushed the Indian maiden, with her long black hair tangled about her round neck and brown oval face. Panting for breath, and nearly exhausted, she did not speak, but pointed across the creek whence the sounds had come, and down to the boat on the little beach.

Vaguely the lad interpreted her wild gestures, and seizing the mute girl in his strong arms descended the cliff, and placing her in the boat, shoved off from the shore. The report of a musket came from the direction of the voices, and the bullet struck the water near them.

Believing now that the girl was for some reason being hunted, and fearing to locate the boat by any noise, he allowed it to drift with the outgoing tide. The fog was their only protection; each understood this, and neither ventured a word till the rushing

waves had borne them out of range of the guns. Then the girl brokenly told the lad who the men were on the east bank and why they were there.

Quickly he comprehended the situation, and with the impetuosity of boyhood seized the oars and rowed rapidly toward a rocky point at the entrance to the creek. It was in that bank he had laid the strong box, and he must secure it at any peril. The noise of the rowing located the boat, and shot after shot from the bank of fog rang out upon the stillness of the mist-laden air, and bullets skipped on the water around them. But these were sounds and sights not unfamiliar to the youth, and in a few minutes the boat touched the shore.

At the same instant the robbers burst out of the fog-shrouded forest and hastened toward their boat. They had heard the firing, and had run the last two miles of the trail.

"Valley men—Indian traitors," said the lad, and a volley of musketry from the invisible shooters echoed his words.

"Never mind the box," cried the captain, as he returned the fire. "We will come back for it if we live, and if we don't, the

devil will guard it forever." Then placing his gun in the boat and ordering the men aboard, he took the terrified girl in his arms and carried her to a safe place behind a great rock, pulled from his pocket a well-filled leather purse, gave it to her and bade her stay there till the fog cleared away.

Hardly had he reached the boat and the boat gone thrice her length from the shore, when the girl rushed toward the water again with a wild scream. A look in her direction discovered the treacherous Indians, cautiously descending the gorge.

"They will kill me for telling you!" she cried piteously. Maddened at sight of his faithless allies the captain ordered the boat back to the point. He was too late; again the roar of musketry echoed among the hills, and as they touched the shore, the Indian maiden's life-blood soaked into the salt sand, and the lad who had sprung forward to rescue her sank with a cry upon the boat's bottom, dead.

Taking quick aim the captain fired, and laid low the foremost of the skulking savages, then seizing the tiller ordered the boat once more to the cutter.

From the cliff, into the immensity of the

fog went volley after volley. From over the water came back the muffled sound of oars in the rowlocks, the rattling of chain, and the dull flapping sound of sails. A sudden breeze sprang up, the wind freshened. The dun-dripping vapor lifted—from the tree-tops—from the cliff—from the blue swishing water of the great Bay, and bearing toward the ruddy headland of D'Or gleamed the white sails of the bold privateer, filled with the wind that blows always good to some one.

Many who tell the story claim that the vessel went down in a gale that very night, and that all her crew were lost. Others say she was wrecked, but some of the men were saved, and that these men came back to search for the strong box. The first settlers at the Harbor found holes digged in the banks of the brook. The holes have since been thrice multiplied—with what success is not positively known—but it is a general belief that the treasure has never yet been found. They who have searched for it tell that the "Mary Jane" haunts the creek; that when they begin to dig in the bank a white sail gleams off the rocky point, the sound of

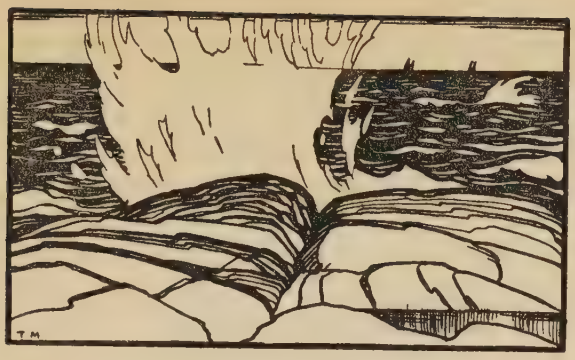
oars is heard, and six bearded men and a smooth-faced youth come up from the water and surround the place where they are working.

None have dared to pursue the search after sight of that phantom crew.

The Indian girl was buried beneath a great pine-tree that still stands near the table-land, its evergreen foliage bright as in the days so long ago.

A settlement grew up under the shadow of the lofty cliff, and a road winds now down either headland bank of the haven. The place is known as Hall's Harbor, called after the man who moored the "Mary Jane" in the little creek, and under guise of sanctioned warfare made a highway of the mountain gorge to plunder his native land.

The Messenger Maiden of Minas



The Messenger Maiden of Minas

"READ that again, Andrew Bourgois, and read it louder," said one of a group of hardy-looking, excited men gathered around a large willow-tree in the front yard of a wayside inn, in the Acadian village of Minas.

The man addressed, equipped for a journey, stood in the doorway of the inn. He was the Notary of Minas, and a man of importance in the country. Hitching the bridle of his horse to a post of the low, shed-like stoop that fronted the inn, he walked directly up to the old tree, and read, in a strong military tone of voice, the Royal

Proclamation posted upon it that morning by a courier from Port Royal.

"We do hereby promise, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, a reward of One Hundred Pounds for every male Indian above the age of sixteen; for a scalp of such male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds. God save the King."

When he had ceased reading the men talked earnestly among themselves, and the Notary walked back to the inn.

As he stepped upon the stoop he was met by several young girls who had been attracted from their homes near by, to read the notice on the tree; and one of them immediately addressed him with—

"Grandsire, will our people kill the Indians for the reward?"

"Why not, daughter?" asked the Notary.

"Because it is cruel, and the Indians are our friends," said the girl.

"Madrine," said the Notary, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you are a child, and do not understand that many things are cruel which must of necessity be done. The red rascals are many of them brutal,

and not trustworthy; it was only last Saturday night that they killed several people at Port Royal who had befriended them."

"But Grandsire," persisted the maiden, "the people they killed were English. They do not like the English, and they do like us. The English are hard masters; they rid themselves of human beings as they would of wolves. Our people had better trust to the friendship of the Indians."

"Prut, daughter! you do not talk wisely," said the Notary. "The English have good reason to revenge themselves on these savages, and we Acadians may as well take a hand in the hunt, when so much money is to be gained by obeying the King's proclamation. Many a house in Grand Pre and Minas will be furnished with the price of scalps before the snow flies; your own goodly built little farmhouse, Madrine, may be equipped for your wedding day much sooner than you expect, by a lucky catch or steady shot. Baptiste Doucet is a brave lad, and has the best long-range musket in the country."

The blood came to the cheeks of the maiden, and her lips curled, as she said, "It is not brave to kill women and children,

and I would not go into my house nor to him, if one shilling paid for such murders helped to furnish it or went into his pocket."

Deep in his heart the old man evidently liked the spirit evinced by his granddaughter, for he said not a word in reply to her indignant protest, but stooped and kissed the cheek that had crimsoned at mention of her lover's name, and mounting his horse was soon out of sight on the long dangerous road that led to Port Royal. Few men at that time could have made the journey in safety. But this man was both trusted and feared, and thus fortified, he rode fearlessly into the dark forest and coming night.

Madrine Bourgois left her companions and walked rapidly and alone to her home. She was mistress there. Her mother had been some years dead, and she was the only child.

It was near sunset. The weather was raw and chilly, and she built a fire of dry logs on the broad fireplace. As its mellow blaze curled round the logs and roared up the wide chimney, the ruddy light fell full upon her form and face, and the last hot

words spoken at the inn repeated themselves in every lineament.

A strong wild beauty was hers, the beauty of the shapely cleanlimbed forest tree, and the foaming mountain stream.

When but a babe she had been captured by the Indians, living with them until a girl of twelve, not even knowing that she belonged to another race, until the old Notary and her Father after long search had discovered her existence and bought her back from her captors.

Though not allowed to hold any intercourse with them in the years since her return home, the notice upon the great willow tree had stirred old remembrances and affections, and her thoughts were now of that free life and wild people, while all unconsciously, even to herself, the crackling camp-fire she had built was a medium of communication with that past existence.

But her reverie was short, for her father soon came into the house with Baptiste Doucet, her betrothed husband. Receiving them with her accustomed greeting, she set about her household duties, and the supper was soon ready.

At the table neither of the men spoke of

the proclamation on the tree. Madrine was surprised at this, and during the evening tried to get some opportunity to speak with Baptiste alone that she might tell him of the talk with the Notary. But the men seemed more than usually occupied with business affairs, and Baptiste went away much earlier than was his custom on such visits.

Madrine and her father separated for the night without a word upon the subject, but she thought long and earnestly of the cruelty to be practised upon the people, who had been to her like her own for so many years, and resolved to tell her feelings freely to Baptiste on the morrow.

Early in the morning she was wakened by her father, who told her he was going to Pisiquid on business that would keep him from home three days. Madrine asked no questions, for he often had business away from home. Nor was she surprised when he took from its place on the deer-horns over the door the long-barrelled French musket, and drawing out the partridge charge, loaded it with a bullet, and filled the great powder horn with powder, and a leather pouch with bullets. This was the

season for shooting moose and deer, and she knew there were many miles of unbroken forest on his proposed journey.

His preparations completed, Jean Bourgois bade his daughter be mindful of the house and herself, and kissing her, mounted his strong horse and rode rapidly away, Madrine watching him until he passed out of sight beyond the willow-trees that lined the roadway through the village.

Expecting Baptiste would be in during the forenoon, she went cheerfully about her work. Noon came, and he had not yet arrived. Alarmed at this, she inquired of the neighbors, and learned that a party of horsemen from Port Royal had gone through the village early in the morning, on their way to surprise and kill the Indians at Chignecto, and that her father and Baptiste had joined them.

It was at this settlement, and with these people she had lived the three last years of her Indian life, and the thought that they were to be killed by her own father and betrothed husband, was hard to endure. With a sad indignant heart she shut herself in the house, and sat down by the flax wheel in front of the window that faced the Basin

of Minas, a broad bay into which the high tides of the Bay of Fundy flow with great rapidity.

The house was near the shore, and directly across the Basin, to the northward, stood the Indian village, twenty miles distant by water, but by land a two days' journey.

The tide was flowing majestically in over the broad flats, and creeping noiselessly up the perpendicular banks of its more rugged shores. It was three o'clock. All day the sun had shone with the brightness of summer, and over the surface of the water there rose an invisible mist, through which, in the clear, dry autumnal atmosphere, the opposite shore of the Basin and the high bluff of Blomidon appeared much nearer than they really were.

Madrine's practised eye saw the high lands of the Indian Settlement, and the gray smoke curling up from the wigwam fires. How far away it was she herself did not know, but as she looked long upon it and thought of what another day would bring to its unsuspecting inhabitants, she knew it never had seemed half so near as now. A shadow came over her face as she rose

from the window, and a look of determination in her eyes.

On the margin of the shore, near the house, was a little sheltered cove, and under a rough shed lay a small bark canoe given her by her father, that she might be allowed to indulge in the occupation and pastime of the wild, free life of her childhood. She was an expert paddler, and was often seen on the waters of the beautiful Gaspereaux, or far out on the blue Basin.

Hastily walking to this cove, she turned over the canoe, carefully examined the seams on the bottom and sides, rubbed the whole surface of the bottom with a piece of tallow, and leaving it in that position, returned to the house. She was alone, and there was no one to ask why she did this, nor why the cows were milked and the farm stock fed and housed an hour earlier than usual, nor why she raked the fire just at sunset, let down the white curtain to her little sleeping room, and walked slowly to the shore where the canoe lay.

The tide was at the flood and much higher than usual. This Madrine knew to be the sign of an approaching storm, and that the ebbing would be swifter on account of

it. Seizing the canoe as if it were a play boat, she launched it at once, and seating herself on the ash crossbar, paddled leisurely out on the placid water that now lapped the land far above its highest mark and lay lazily in the bed of the wide wood-embowered Basin, waiting the mysterious impulse that presently should set it flowing like a mighty river out into its ocean reservoir.

To any observers from the land the canoe and its occupant seemed listless of purpose as the waiting water. Far out from the shore she floated, regardless of the deepening shadows that fell along the high headlands, and darkened the little bays, and crept slowly out over the broad water,—darker and darker, till the venturesome craft could no longer be seen from the shore, and the mysterious impulse had been communicated to the water, slowly moving, like a great glacier, onward to the sea.

Then Madrine turned the bow of the canoe in the direction of the tide, unwound from her head a silk scarf and tied it tightly about her loins, fixed her face upon the high hills of the opposite shore, and taking a broader-bladed paddle from its rack be-

hind her, plied it with strong, steady strokes.

On, over the tide, and with the tide, the lithesome bark sped like a thing of life. Two hours of unslackened speed, and the moon rose, large and red, like the morning sun. Laying down the paddle, Madrine looked across at the broad highway of rosy shimmering light it threw along the water and back upon the dim outline of the land she had left, now dotted with lights from farmhouse windows; she listened to the echo of the roar of the distant surf, and felt the presage of a coming storm. Again taking up the paddle she had laid aside for the larger one, she crossed the moonlit path, and steadily propelled the little craft over the dim water till under the shadow of Blomidon she rested again.

The moon, shadowed by gray belts of mist near the horizon, now hid itself behind a heavy bank of black clouds, and darkness settled over the Basin. Beyond the cliff, and in the channel, the distant roar of the troubled sea was preluding the coming storm. Over the bow of the canoe, in the distance, appeared white-crested billows, and roaring, seething water, caused by the

tide from down the Basin and the tide from up the Basin, meeting, like the sides of a wedge and forming into one current that rushed out by the ragged rocks of Blomidon, foaming and eddying like a great river escaping from a cataract.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain, seemed even farther away than when she had gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This, and the darkness and fatigue, dispirited her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon, while the sides of the mountain, and the water, looked blacker in contrast.

Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her and beyond her sight; but now as the silver light bathed it, making it appear to rise almost to the sky,

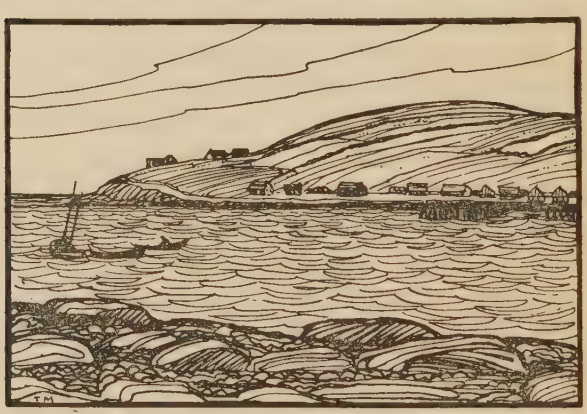
Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed dwelling place of the God Glooscap, the great Good Father of the Micmacs, reverenced and feared by them, and called on in times of necessity and peril.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood days with the Indians, united to produce the spirituality of the untaught; and springing to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, in language she had not used for years, crying to the Great Spirit to rescue, and send her safely across the foaming current to the land beyond.

Just then the moon rose above the cloud and threw its undiminished light full upon the water and the surrounding land; at the same time the light on the mountain-top disappeared, and seemed to fall upon the

hills of the Indian village on the opposite shore.

Inspired by this omen, refreshed by the short rest, and strengthened perhaps by faith in the efficacy of that piteous prayer she had cried in wild words to an imaginary Deity, she seized again the broad-bladed paddle, an hour before relinquished for



A Coast Village

want of strength to wield, and drew it through the water with the skill of an Indian brave. The last three years of her life were forgotten—she sat in the bark canoe, with streaming hair, an Indian maiden inspired by Indian faith; and with savage strength and cool bravery, paddled

into the roaring current before her, and in an hour more was safely landed near the village of her Indian friends.

The encampment lay some quarter of a mile distant, and primeval forest intervened. Madrine knew that many paths led to it from different directions, and fearlessly confident that she would not go astray, she entered the dense wood, instinctively threading a right one, straight to the Settlement.

Hurriedly she made her way to the tall wigwam of the chief. He had been kind to her in childhood, and his daughter had been her playmate. Pushing aside the dried deerskin that sheltered the doorway, she entered, and sat down on a mat at the feet of the chief. Several young braves were clustered about the fire that burned in the center of the camp. Madrine glided past them so quickly that they did not see her till she sat among them. The chief immediately recognized her, and in tokens she well knew, bade her a kindly welcome.

At once she told him of the proclamation on the tree, and of the party of men from Port Royal on their way to surprise and

kill his people, and urged him to flee to some place of safety.

As she talked dark shadows came over the faces of the braves. The old chief laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and taking an arrow from the quiver behind him, placed it on the fire and watched it burn, saying to Madrine:

"You are a brave girl. You shall stay with us again, and we will kill the pale-faced cowards who come to scalp women and children for money."

This terrified the girl. She had not intended to let them know that her father and lover were of the party, but now they must be told.

Pleadingly she laid her trembling hands at the feet of the chief, telling him of her father who was with these men, and of his probable death if they had an encounter; of Baptiste, who would be her husband when the next moon had hung three nights in the sky; that they were not cowards, but brave and strong and good to her; and that she could not stay with him, but must be back to her home before the morning light, that they might never know she had warned him of the attack.

The shadow on the faces of the braves darkened into a scowl, and the chief made no sign, but looked, stern and stony, into the fire.

Alarmed at this, she spoke of the wonderful light on the top of Blomidon when all over the land and water it was dark; how she prayed to the Great Spirit Glooscap, and the moon came out from the black clouds and shone brightly over the water, while the light left the mountain and rested on the trees over the encampment; how her strength came back, and how the canoe had sped like an arrow over the dangerous waters.

The scowl left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief changed to a quiet light as he watched the arrow burn to ashes. Then rising to his feet he laid his hand gently upon her head, and gravely said:

"Brave daughter of the pale-faced cowards, you shall go back to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Pedousaghtigh's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food,

then he silently strode out into the night, followed by his braves.

The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown, and she wondered where the chief had gone and what he would do.

After some time of anxious waiting he returned alone, and motioned her to accompany him. With a farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest and wonderingly followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter trail than she had come they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her own canoe was not there. A large, strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer horns fixed to the bow, and deerskin spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew it belonged to the chief and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that had appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon at a time when long famine had wasted the

people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred, in memory of the miracle.

Two men stood by the shore. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief. As she came near them each in turn laid his hand on the flowing hair and said: "You are welcome, brave child of the paleface."

Madrine did not ask for her own canoe, for she knew the tiny boat could not live in the terrible storm fast gathering in the cloud-wrapped sky. The chief lifted her into the strong one and bade her sit low on the deerskins and keep very still. The men took their places in each end, signed to the chief, struck the strong paddles into the water, and the light craft sped out over the dark surface, leaving a long line of white-fringed eddying holes behind.

On with steady speed they went, till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon them, then the interpid men drew in the paddles, lifted their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak, while they made their devotions, pushing on again without rest, with the energy of engines of steel.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were

with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing for the distant shore, the dark green foam-crested waves rolling and surging on after it as if angry pursuers. The tough ash paddles bent like withes, but the iron nerved men drew them through the seething waves with unabated strength, and in the early morning light reached the further shore.

The sands of the little cove were swept with a belt of foam, the surf of the wild waves that had outsped them, but the Indians knew each landing and carried the girl safely through the foaming tide to the strand. They could not themselves go back over the rough way until the full fury of the storm had abated; but Madrine, fearing the return of her Father, dared not offer them shelter, so they carried their canoe up shore to where woods lined the water, and there under cover remained in safety till the outgoing tide of the night.

Two days later, when her Father and lover returned, Madrine was about her household duties, showing no trace of unusual adventure, but not making the protest that they had expected at their own participation in the expected raid and

slaughter. They told of the long fruitless journey to the encampment, finding the place absolutely deserted, not even a fur of any value left to pay them for their exertions. Someone had evidently warned the Indians of the project, and throughout the Settlement many were the conjectures as to how the news could have reached them, but no one suspected Madrine. The storm and high tides had destroyed and carried off much property, and this accounted for the loss of her canoe.

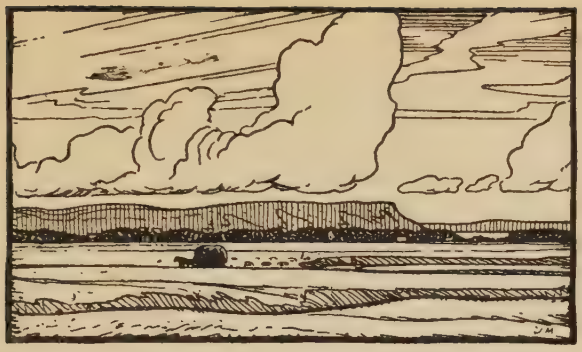
The old moon quickly wore away, and all else was forgotten in the preparations for the coming wedding, in which all the villagers were interested, each one from his own stores, according to the usual custom, giving a portion to provide the new household with food for a twelvemonth. No one thought of Indians on the wedding day, and great was the surprise when the gay procession wound its way from the parish church to the new house on the hill, to see on the steps in front of the door, Madrine's old canoe, newly ornamented, and filled with valuable furs and useful articles of bark and wicker-work, with only the Micmac totem on the bow to show from whence it came.

Why the Indians should, at such a time as this, when there was bitter enmity between them and the Frenchmen, send presents of such value, and how they could have found the missing canoe, no one knew but Madrine, and she kept her secret.

Some years later, when peace was concluded again with the Indians, and the old friendly relations renewed between them and the Acadians, she told to her Father and her husband the story of that venturesome voyage across the Basin; the long silence she had kept, making it seem almost as much of a wonder to herself as to the two men who for the first time knew why the encampment had been empty and why the canoe and its contents had been sent as a wedding gift.

Word of her daring exploit became known throughout the neighborhood, and the story passed to succeeding generations. The fine furs and the wonderful and rare quill work, treasured as valued possessions by one branch of the family that escaped the Expulsion, can yet be found in the French Acadian settlements of Clare and Metagan.

The Light on Black Ledge



The Light on Black Ledge

ON the Nova Scotia side of Fundy Bay, at a place now called Margaretville, a ledge of ragged rocks, projecting like a great spur from the mountain side, stretches, black and jagged and cruel, three hundred yards or more into the waters of the blue Bay. Over the ragged ledge the long and lofty billows thunder to the very verge of the basaltic columns which form the sea wall. Far up and down the coast is a wide expanse of crag-lined beach, left bare by an ebb tide of sixty feet. On one side spreads the wide water of the great Bay, on the other the densely wooded mountain with its evergreen foliage.

In the month of May, 1780, the fishermen from the valley, who had for many years used this wild spot for a fishing station, found on the high bluff not far from the steep cliff overhanging the beach a small cabin-like house, built from the planks and timbers of wrecked vessels that had met their fate upon the jagged Ledge.

There was no other dwelling of man within many miles on this wild craggy coast, and no road leading to the settlements down the mountain or in the valley beyond.

The house was occupied and, as far as squatter's claim could make it, owned by a large strong-looking man who said his name was Peter Barnes. Not another word relating to himself would he vouchsafe in reply to the eager questioning of the suspicious fishermen. That he did not get there from landward was very certain. An old ship's boat and a pair of well-worn ash oars were some evidence that the sea had given him up at this place, but whence and how, there was no sign.

His clothes were such as the settlements could not have supplied. Some rude farming tools and part of a fishing outfit he had, but they too were foreign. From sea and

land with these implements he gathered the necessities of life, and continued the only resident of the place until the spring of '85, when the fishermen found with him a woman, about his own age, who seemed contented with the wild lonely life, and proved as silent to all inquisitiveness as the man whose rude home she shared.

The twenty-fourth of December, 1793, saw the strange couple still living in the little plank house. But this year neither sea nor land had yielded Peter the usual returns for his labor. Early frosts had killed his small crop of vegetables, and all the season the fish had failed to make their annual run along that coast.

Already there had been several weeks of hard winter weather; each day the snow had fallen deeper and the cold become more intense, and the white plain spread frozen and unbroken from the shore to the wooded mountain.

Provisions were scanty in the little plank house on the bluff. A wild storm had been blowing since early morning; the fierce wind from the Bay drifted the fast-falling snow against the hut, and the blazing drift-logs in the rough stone fireplace hardly

kept the one small room comfortably warm.

At the end of the bluff there was a narrow zigzag path leading to the beach. Down this pathway late in the afternoon the man picked his dangerous way over the snow-covered rocks to the shore below the cliff. It was ebb tide, and he crept far out on Black Ledge, and searched the soaking sand and the dripping seaweed for mussels, to satisfy his hunger. But the rocks and the sand said "no!" and he climbed back up the bluff, and facing the snow-laden wind, peered out over the white-capped waves. Through the drifting mist his practised eye caught sight of a sail. Placing himself in a favorable position for observation, he stood long and sullenly, looking upon the wind-swept Bay.

At last, as if with quick purpose impressed, he turned and seemed to examine with interest the long ledge of black rocks and the fury of the storm among them. Then with searching gaze he turned to a clump of tall storm-thickened firs near the seaward end of the bluff, and going near them looked again out upon the Bay, and down upon the rough rocks, then back upon his house now almost buried in the snow.

The cold wind pierced him, and the blinding snow fell thickly about him, but there in the bleakest place upon the coast he stood, unmindful of the icy elements. It was almost dark when he entered his house.

"Nothing again to-day!" said the woman.

"There's a vessel out on the Bay, and out of her reckoning," he replied.

"Little good that will do us," said she.

"Perhaps she might call in," urged the man significantly.

"Why would a vessel stop here?" she asked quickly.

"It might be because she couldn't get by," said the man sullenly, as he hauled out of a chest two old ship's lanterns and commenced cleaning them.

"When I tell you, will be time enough for you to know why," he muttered, in answer to her look of astonishment, and in tones she well knew were meant to cut off all further inquiry.

Used to his strange conduct, but unaccustomed not to be participator, the woman wondered at his action, but asked no questions, and in silence the man continued his work. When it was fairly dark he lighted both the lanterns, and wrapping

them in an old coat went out into the storm again, and direct to the clump of firs.

One of the lanterns showed a red light. This one he took from the wrapping, and climbing with it near to the top of the tallest tree, he fastened it securely on the outer end of a branch facing the Bay. The wind had packed the snow into the stiff foliage until the tree looked like a white tower, and the red light gleamed from it like a beacon.

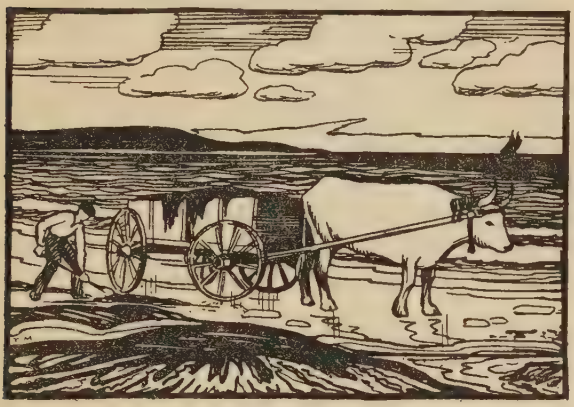
Descending, he took the other lantern to a low wall of rock near the end of the bluff and placed it in a crevice, so that its light would show in the direction he had last seen the vessel.

Thirty miles up the Bay, on the same coast, was a harbor where small vessels could get shelter in a storm. This port was marked by a red beacon-light in a white tower at the entrance of the harbor, and near it was a small house in which the light-keeper lived.

Did the red lantern in that tall snow-covered tree appear to the benighted seamen on the deck of that fated vessel like this beacon-light? Did the white lantern against the rock look like the light from the keeper's window, and did the man now

picking his cautious way through the pure white snow to his warm dwelling intend they should so appear? Red and lambent and bright the lights gleamed from the bluff; and the surf below broke with terrible roar upon the cruel rocks of Black Ledge.

Reaching his house the man went to its



Gathering Sea Weed

only window to close the board shutter; but the wind had piled the snow thick against it and no ray of light could gleam out as a guide to shelter and warmth.

Satisfied of this, he went inside. The woman asked him no questions. "It is a

wild night," she shuddered, as the wind rushed through the open doorway.

Peter Barnes made no reply, but fastened the strong plank door, raked the coals and piled on more logs, and then threw himself on his cot and was soon asleep.

The man's strange conduct filled her with alarm, and the fierce storm added to her fears and increased her suspicions. She watched the blazing fire, and listened to the howling winds and the loud roar of the waves; and not many hours passed before a crash, and cries that were not of the storm, broke upon her ears.

Rousing the sleeper she unbarred the plank door. As she peered out into the fierce blinding storm the red light flamed suddenly up, and then went out. As instant as it faded she divined its reason, and needed not the further evidence of the man who roughly pushed her aside and closed the door again, but not without first glancing over at the tall fir-trees, and listening himself, to the cries that rose above the uproar on the shore below.

To none of her entreaties would he yield, and not until morning would he rise again from his cot, or suffer her to unbar the

door. But when the sun was high, he roused himself, and bidding her put on some thick clothing and follow him, he started through the drifted snow down the narrow pathway to the foot of the bluff.

What they found there need scarcely be told. The wreck was complete. Upon the Ledge was the hull of a vessel, fast breaking up, her masts and rigging among the ragged rocks, and much of the cargo on the beach. Cased in ice, and above high-water mark, were the bodies of five men; all had reached the land in safety, but had perished for want of shelter.

The vessel's cargo consisted largely of produce and provisions, and to secure what had come ashore before the next flood tide occupied the two many weary hours. Stores were no longer scanty in the little plank house.

The next day the bodies were stripped, by thawing the clothes with hot water. They were then laid within a gulch near the outer end of the Ledge, at low-water mark, and covered thick with beach-stones and sand, the slow-moving waves of the spent storm murmuring a fitting requiem.

The fate of the missing vessel was not

known till spring, when a party of fishermen found on the beach near the Ledge a portion of wreck containing the name "Saucy Nancy."

Peter Barnes was questioned, and he stated that the vessel was driven on the Ledge in the night in a great storm, that he had tried in vain to save the crew, that the vessel had broken up during the gale and that most of her cargo was sunk at the end of the Ledge.

Official inquiry established only the fact of the shipwreck, and the death of the whole crew; and Justice could do no more than fasten suspicion upon Peter Barnes.

As the years passed, settlers from the valley and fishermen from up the coast moved to the place, and a village grew up under the shadow of the wooded mountain. The place was known as Peter's Point, in recognition of its first inhabitant who still lived in the rough cabin.

That he profited by the terrible shipwreck the people knew, but none of the villagers ever visited the house, and neither Peter nor the woman crossed the threshold of another's door.

It was now 1813, and the day before

Christmas again. For some time there had been a road over the mountain to the valley, and Peter had been for several years availing himself of this road to get supplies from the stores at the settlements, with money he certainly did not get from anything he sold or did, but always had when he wanted to buy.

The road was for the most part through an unbroken wilderness, a distance of about sixteen miles going and coming. These journeys were always commenced at a time of day that made it necessary he should return after dark. An old leather bag that looked as if made out of a knapsack, served to hold his supplies, which consisted always of rum, tea and tobacco.

On this day, Peter had been to the stores in the valley, as usual, on foot and alone. Late in the afternoon he set out for home, and by dark began to climb the mountain.

It had just begun to snow in the valley, but for several hours the storm had been fierce on the mountain and over the Bay, and when he reached the top he met a gale of wind and deep snow as trackless as a desert. But Peter was a strong man, and he pushed on, facing the fierce gale, mak-

ing slow but steady progress, and by midnight began to descend to the village.

Not a light showed in any of the houses. The snow grew deeper as he neared the Bay; the storm of " '93" was repeating itself, and the wind blew furiously. Anxiously he watched for the light from his window. He was not aware that, as on that other Christmas eve, there was a great bank of snow against the window, and that, too, all unknown to the woman inside the cabin. Neither did he know that one of the villagers, going on an errand of mercy to the house of a poor widow a few hundred yards up the shore, for a guide on the return, had placed a lantern in a recess of the cliff, at the end of the bluff.

Suddenly in a lull of the storm the light from this lantern gleamed out. It was not in the direction of his hut, but the air was thick with snow and he knew there was not another house on the bluff; so he gathered his exhausted strength and pushed on toward it. The wind had blown the snow so compactly that it projected over the cliff and hid the ragged rim. The whiteness beyond seemed as solid as that beneath his feet, and spread wide and far away, as thick

in the air as on the ground. On he went—on—nearer—and over! With the roar of the breakers mingled a wild cry of horror and despair, and a dull heavy thud; and on the black rocks below the bluff, the icing spray of the dashing waves fell upon the body of the man who twenty years before had lured his victims by a light set in that same rocky crevice.

On the soaking sand just above the jagged Ledge the villagers found him Christmas morning, cased in ice, as he had found the bodies of his victims on that other Christmas day.

The woman lived but a few weeks after Peter Barnes' death, refusing all offers of shelter, and remaining alone by day, in the little cabin-like house. When the end seemed near, she told to the kind-hearted women who attended her, the story of the shipwreck. Then fixing her gaze upon the blazing logs in the stone fireplace, she commenced to speak of herself, beginning with girlhood which was bright and promising; but the eyes had a far-away look, a smile came over the cold face and the lips ceased to move. The listeners bent with eager

ears, but the tale was not told; with that vision the spirit fled.

It is Peter's Point no longer.

Years ago the name of the village was changed to Margaretville, in honor of the wife of Judge Haliburton, who had a summer residence there. The Black Ledge has been converted into a breakwater, and a long wharf extends to its end, where there is a light-house. Of the plank hut there is left only the site. Two of the fir-trees are still standing on the bluff, but the name of Peter Barnes is fading out of the memory of men.

The Cow Bells of Grand Pré

The Cow Bells of Grand Pré

ON an evening in mid September, 1755, in the doorway of a small wooden hut at the extreme outpost of the new settlement of Lunenburg, sat a young girl, sturdy of build, yellow-haired, and blue eyed. Dogged and firm obstinacy of purpose was in the strong face, and in the blue eyes which looked down over the settlement and out upon the waters of Merleguish Bay stretching deep and wild to the ocean's brim, and breaking into white surf at the base of the rocky island near the harbor's entrance.

But the girl's thoughts were not following her eyes. They were farther away than the white tossing bay and surf-encircled

island, more distant than the ocean which merged its limitless blue into the as blue horizon that arched it, farther away than all these, and back to the little village of Saxenhausen which clustered about the bridge that spanned the Mayne in Frankfort, her native land.

They were fair promises indeed that the Lords Commissioner of Trade and Plantations had set forth to induce the sturdy German and Swiss families to settle in this new colony of Nova Scotia. "To each foreigner fifty acres of land free from all rent or taxes for ten years. To each member of the families ten additional acres. Housekeeping implements, implements for clearing their land and erecting their habitation, and maintenance for a twelvemonth." In all the populous towns of Germany the Proclamation was set up, and from the little village of Saxenhausen fifty-seven accepted its offers.

Ulrica Owenslaugen was an orphan. Her uncle's family with whom she lived were joining the company. For a six-year Ulrica had been betrothed to Conrad Ludovic, a poor sick lad, hardly able to earn clothing and food from the images of

white wood which he carved for the fairs on Saints days. When the Proclamation was set up on the Saxenhausen bridge Conrad was among the number who were flushed with hope at the new life offered. All of the days and far into the night he carved at his white wood, and doubled the usual supply, that he might get the money for the passage. But the stress was too much for his weak constitution, and in two months he was prostrated with sickness, the returns for his sales scarcely paying those who cared for him.

It was then that the girl's stubborn purpose was born. She would herself take up the land for which Conrad had bargained!

As member of her uncle's family ten acres would be hers in her own right, and her own passage was secure. Many a day had she worked with her uncle in his shipyard, fashioning the ship's knees and timbers, and could swing a mallet like a man, he had often told her. In two years or less she could have a house built, and the land tilled, and with what Conrad could himself earn, in this time, they could raise money enough for his passage out.

It was a bold resolve, and one which the

emigrants would have discouraged her from entertaining had she told them, therefore only to her lover did she confide it. And though he had at first objected, her hope and confidence was so bright that he at length came to believe in its possibility, and save for the humiliating thought that she must do what should have been his work, he did not oppose her departure nor her purpose.

All that first winter after their arrival in the new land, the emigrants remained in Halifax, helping the inhabitants there in laying of streets and erection of buildings, and many a shilling did Ulrica's handiness and strength add to the little hoard she was so rigidly saving. When spring came, enough settlers had arrived to form the new township, and on the seventh of June nearly fifteen hundred German and Swiss landed on the shore of Merleguish Bay, the spot selected by General Hopson for the site of the town.

There was much discouragement for them. Not a tree from the hill had been felled. The whole of the coast was rocky and wild. And the thick evergreen forest, overgrown with underbrush harder to re-

move than the giant trees themselves, was an appalling sight to these people so recently removed from a highly cutivated and populous country, whose vast forests of oak and beech spread mile upon mile of clear, brown ground, clean as parks.

Ulrica shared the general disappointment, and in addition to this was refused the fifty acres bargained for by Conrad, on which she had so hopefully planned. Her own ten acres, however, proved to be a town plot, and on this her small house was erected, and finished long before any other in the Settlement, for several youths of the party with the secret hope that they might themselves some day share the benefit of their labors, worked at slabbing and banking it. In the same way her land was cut and cleared sooner than her neighbor's, and a thrifty growth of flax, turnips and barley growing upon it.

But in spite of all this prosperity she had been unable to raise the passage-money, and Conrad was still in the German land. Though all the past winter she had worked hard at the staves and barrels the settlers sent to Halifax, the money in return did not make up the required sum, and as she

sat there on this late afternoon and thought it all over, her great stout heart was heavy within her. A new lot of settlers from near her old home, had arrived that morning, and in the ship came a letter from her lover. He was failing in health, and the tone was no longer hopeful, for in it he bade her a farewell.

The girl was full of despair. When the ship went back to Germany it was to return to the new colony but once again, and that would be the last chance for his coming.

A sharp "halloo!" broke in upon her reverie, and turning quickly she saw a man approaching the Settlement over the cleared ground between the picketed inclosure and the forest.

He was not one of the settlers, but was evidently acquainted with the way, for making straight to the opening in the picket defense, he walked quickly across the garden plot and up to where the girl stood.

His rough clothes were torn, and from his shoulder swung a narrow axe, but a glance at his careless, good-natured face freed her from alarm, and when he spoke in her native tongue the girl readily recog-

nized him. He had come out with the first lot of settlers, and accompanied them to Lunenburg, but after a few weeks had disappeared.

Ulrica had never spoken with him, but knew his name was Jake Steignford, and the familiar speech, and the honest, careless face swept aside all barriers, so in answer to his request for food she at once led him into the little kitchen and set about her preparation for supper.

"Get the food as quick as possible, Fraulein," said the man as he seated himself wearily on the wooden bench. "For when it is eaten and I have milked your cow for pay, I am off down the Settlement. I have news to tell."

Then to her wondering ears he detailed the story of the expulsion of the French. He had been with these people at Minas and at Port Royal for a twelvemonth, and was in the vicinity of Minas when they were taken from there. His foreign speech had protected him, but not an incident of the tragedy had escaped his knowledge.

"The buildings, barns and houses were fired and burned to the ground," he said.

"Not one is standing. But the cattle and horses and sheep have not yet been taken from the grand meadows. It is for that I have come here. By to-morrow's sunset I can raise a party of men, and we can bring back a full drove of the cattle. It will be a fortune for those who are bold enough to try it. Only last night I left them feeding by the hundreds."

The girl stared as he spoke the last words.

"Only last night," she repeated. "How were you brought here?"

The man glanced good-humoredly down at his thick-clad feet.

"They brought me," said he.

"But the mountains; they say there are mountains between here and the French country!"

"Mountains have been climbed," said the man.

"And the river that is rough and deep, and the thick forest!" said the girl.

"All rivers do not run across the course," replied the man, "and trails have been blazed through the deepest thickets."

And pointing to his axe, he added: "The blazings this blade cut as I came through,

are as thick as the trees on which I made them. I have crossed more forest tracks in this new land than you are years old, Fraulein, and could always return the way I went. The sundown is hardly here yet, and last sundown I left the other end of the trail, forty miles away."

"But the way would be rough for the men who are not used, like you, to the woods," said the girl.

"Ya; the way is rough, but the Germans' legs are stout as their hearts," said the man, with a meaning laugh, for he knew the reason of her coming to the new land.

Ulrica did not reply to the raillery, but as she placed the supper on the table the words repeated themselves in her mind, and she said them to herself:

"The Germans' legs are stout as their hearts. Good! And their hearts are strong and true, that I know!"

"Now, bring up your cow, Fraulein," said the man, as he sat down to the food. "Tush! but you should see the herds that feed in the valley. Why, in a small meadow not a mile from the woods of the slope there are a dozen or more red and white creatures, tame as your own. There is no reason why

we should not bring back a few hundred of them."

The girl went out of the house and down the pathway to the end of the ten acres where a small fenced bit of land pastured her one cow, but when she returned with it, the man had left. By his plate was a piece of money.

Taking up the pail from the bench, she went out into the penthouse where the cow stood. When she had finished milking, she took the rope fastened to the stanchion, and coiling it closely, tied it tightly up in a kerchief which hung from her bodice.

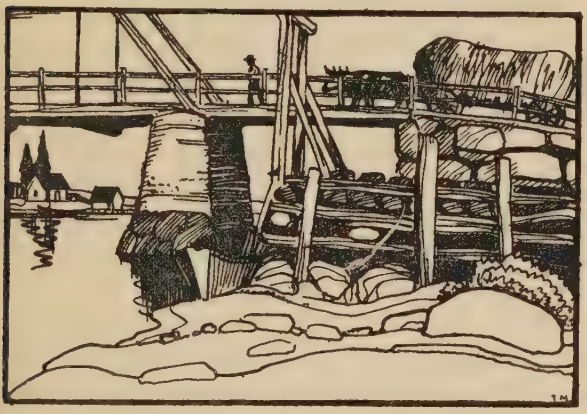
Then she went back into the kitchen, and from a chest that stood by the bed took a bundle of old linen rags and a small lump of fresh tallow. Opening the kerchief she put these in with the rope, and adding half a loaf of barley bread tied it tightly up again, and started away from the house across the garden lot, and out through the gateway in the enclosure by which Steignford had made his entrance a few hours before.

When she reached the verge of the forest she sat down, and removing her thick wooden shoes, greased the soles of her feet and

wrapped the soft linen rags about them under the coarse stockings. This done, she started on into the thick woods.

She was bound for the meadows of Minas, to bring back some cows to sell, to raise the money for the passage-pass for Conrad.

The first of her way lay through a dense forest of yellow pine; the underbrush was



A Highway Bridge

scanty and the footing easy and free from obstruction; the blazings on the trees were not far apart and in the bright moonlight she could plainly discern them.

Then the trail struck Gold River, a wild and rocky-bedded stream, dashing its water to foam in incessant leaps and whirls. For

many miles she followed it, the full moon lighting its white foaming water, making her way easy to trace. Twice she rested and partook of the food she had brought.

At length the course began to slowly descend the mountain, up, and over, and down the great blue hills, covered with hard wood trees of birch and oak, and so dense that they almost touched each other.

It was in these deep woods, not ten miles from the Grand Pré, that her courage first forsook her. There was a silence through them that seemed ominous, after the sighing and tossing of the pine-tops; and as the soft plumage of an owl in its noiseless flight brushed against her face she started, and made a sudden outcry.

The cry echoed, and re-echoed, and in strangely varied and weird tones was repeated, till the girl was filled with terror, and sank to her knees on the brown leaves which already lay thick upon the ground.

For the first time she realized what she had undertaken, and the danger and daring of it appalled her. All the possible perils of the way rushed to her mind—the savage Indians—wild beasts of prey— and the risk of missing her trail in this deep

dark forest out of which she could never hope to find her way unguided.

And then came a new terror to meet. She saw that she had lost sight of the blazings!

Never once before through all the night had she allowed herself to leave the last cutting till she caught the gleam of the next, but in her sudden alarm she had forgotten, and removed her eyes from the guiding line.

With tensioned sight she peered into the shadowy depths around her, but no answering gleam met her searching gaze. She buried her face in her hands, and then with rested vision strained out into the surrounding gloom—to right, to left, behind, and ahead—but in vain.

It did not occur to her fear-benumbed senses that with the daylight she could easily again find the peelings. She forgot everything but the one terrifying thought that she was alone in the great woods, and lost. Closing her eyes she leaned back against the great tree under which she sat, almost paralyzed by her fears. But as her face touched the tree something rough on the smooth bark scratched her cheek, and putting up her hand to seek the cause she

found it to be the blazing. In her terror she had not thought of seeking it on the very tree under which she rested.

In dumb joy she sprang to her feet. Her courage returned. And keeping the white chippings well watched ahead, she set out again on her way.

It was late afternoon when she emerged from the forest into the cultivated fields of what a few days before had been the quiet picturesque village of Grand Pre, with its hundreds of happy homes and contented peasantry.

Ulrica looked eagerly in the fields near by for the cattle Jake Steignford had told of, but the blazing fires and military clamor had alarmed them, and they had evidently stampeded to the broad open meadow some miles farther down. One look at the great herd was sufficient to dispel her vision of driving or leading home half a dozen of them, or of even venturing among them to select but one. On a closer survey, she saw in a little fenced yard not many rods distant, a large handsome cow feeding quietly on a patch of well-cultivated cabbages.

Ulrica recognized at once that this animal was a full-blooded Alderney, such as she

had seen in her native land, on the great farms of the Barons. The cow had been imported by one of the wealthy farmers; firearms and soldiers were to her familiar sights and sounds, and this was why she had not been alarmed and fled to the meadow.

Satisfied that she could not easily break loose from the inclosure, and gaining the creature's good-will by a few kind strokes, Ulrica looked about her for a place of rest. A fear of being discovered, and a naturally morbid desire to look upon the reminders of human suffering, led her to a cellar near by, and going down into it, she seated herself on the lowest stone step and ate of her wholesome barley loaf. The bottom of the cellar was covered with ashes and brands. In the middle stood the chimney, built square and large, from the ground to the floor of what had been a farmhouse. Once in the cellar, shut out from surrounding sights, and the soothing effects of satisfied appetite coming over her senses, the tired girl fell asleep.

When she awoke the morning sun was an hour high. Half-dazed with a returning sense of her situation, she tried to distin-

guish the reality from a strange dream that seemed a part of her surroundings.

The last object she remembered seeing before going to sleep was a very red brick in the wall of the chimney in front of her. When she waked her eyes were upon this brick, and in her mind was a fancied recollection of having pulled it out of its place and of finding money behind it.

The trackless ashes on the cellar bottom assured her that she had not been to the chimney; but the red brick was there, and seemed to be not as secure in the wall as the others about it. Deciding to examine it, she walked through the ashes, placed her hand upon it, and to her great astonishment found it loose. Picking it from its place she removed it. Behind it in a crock like receptacle, were bright gold coins.

Taking them from their hiding place and counting them, she found there were twenty in number, but of how much value she did not know.

Reasoning with her stout honest heart that the owner was on the seas, probably never to return, she wrapped them in her kerchief and pinned it securely in the folds of her dress-waist. Then frightened at

all the strangeness of her adventure, and eager to get away from the place, the girl climbed up into the open air again and looked about her for the cow. It was still in the inclosure. Willingly the great sleek creature followed the trend of the rope which Ulrica tied about her horns; and refreshed from her long rest the resolute girl started out through the forest again, leading her prize.

Two hours earlier than this, the party of men had set out from the Settlement. Jake Steignford had roused their cupidity, and fifty of them followed him on the doubtfully righteous expedition. All through the day they travelled, and about midnight they were preparing to halt and rest until dawn, when one of the men who had gone ahead of the others returned excitedly.

"Listen!" he exclaimed.

All were silent, expecting to hear the approach of some wild beast.

"It is a bird singing," said one of the men, breaking the silence.

"It is no bird," said Jake Steignford. "It is the little brazed bell the Acadians fasten on the necks of their cattle."

"But the French pastures are still twenty miles away, man!" said half a dozen voices. "And though we have heard the signal gun from the citadel at Halifax three times as far, it is a devil's wind that can carry the sound of a cow-bell through twenty miles of forest."

"It is a French bell," said Jake, "and I am going to overhaul it even if it should be on the neck of the devil's cow."

And leading the way he started on in the direction of the sound.

After nearly an hour's traveling the mellow tinkling on the still night air grew still clearer, and more than one stout German heart began to feel the effect of nursery education in the Fatherland. Jake Steignford, however, was firm in his expressed opinion.

Nearer came the tinkling, and nearer, and then a muffled note of wonder burst from the throat of every man as they came upon the cause of the sound and saw in the moonlit forest the great sleek cow, and leading it Ulrica Owenslaugen.

For an instant no one spoke. Then the men comprehended her deed, and a murmur of applause burst from their lips, break-

ing into a cheer loud and long as the girl told them of her purpose and the adventures of her journey. Of the gold she did not then speak. They gave her food and drink, tarrying near while she rested for a time; and a little after dawn she set out again on her way, refreshed and full of new courage, the men resuming their march to Grand Pré.

In the bustle of getting off on the cattle forage, Ulrica had not been missed from the Settlement, and there was much excitement when late in the afternoon she appeared, leading her fine cow. Great was their praise for her brave venture, and hearty their joy over her golden treasure, two coins of which paid the full passage money for Conrad.

The story of her plucky raid reached the ears of the Commissioners at Halifax, and she was granted the fifty acres withheld from her at the first allotment. The month of May brought Conrad, much improved in health from the voyage out, and in the little new church of Saint John he and Ulrica were married.

To this day farmers in the County of

Lunenburg trace back the pedigree of their best cows to the French prize of Ulrica's. The little bells that are the pride of every yoke of fine oxen in the countryside, are made after the pattern of the one that tinkled so mysteriously in the forest more than a hundred years ago. And some of the first families are not ashamed to claim as twig of their genealogical tree a peasant girl with gold coins pinned in her dress.

The Scarlet Spectre of Sandy Ridge

The Scarlet Spectre of Sandy Ridge

ABOUT halfway up the beautiful valley lying between the northern and southern range of mountains, there is a curious, cumulose drift of gray siliceous soil, in a series of mounds or dunes. These dunes are parallel with intervening level wastes of fine white sand partly grown over with a brown heath-like gorse; their summits are clothed with dark foliaged yellow pines, and a stunted undergrowth of hardwood. For nearly two miles, in an easterly direction, this succession of sand hills stretches, sloping gradually to a level ver-

dured plain, which in turn merges into an extensive bog, whose barren peaty surface is bordered by the same forest trees that shadow the Sandy Ridge.

On a southern slope of one of these ridges are innumerable holes digged into the bank; some many feet, others but a short distance, and many partly filled with the shifting sand, in which the furze has again rooted and grown as abundant as before.

Old men say this slope is the site of a French burying ground, and that the holes are the work of adventurers who digged in the gray hillside for the golden coins supposed to have been hidden with the buried people. They also say that a woman in a scarlet coat haunts the place, appearing and disappearing, mysteriously as the weird wind of the pine tops. And this is the story that they tell:—

On the fifteenth of October, 1746, a storm-tossed, dismantled French transport sailed into the spacious harbor of Chebucto, now Halifax, and came to anchor in the broad and beautiful sheet of water now called Bedford Basin.

On board the transport were one hundred

and forty men. Six thousand men and fifty-two ships had accompanied her when she sailed from Rochelle on the fourth of June. It was a mighty fleet, and freighted with high hopes of France. Louisburg, so lately captured by the English, was to be retaken. Port Royal was to be stormed, and the long disputed colonies pass again under French rule.

But multiplied disasters overtook the vast armament. Before the coast of France was cleared two ships of the line were burned. A week later two were seized by English cruisers. Later, a scorbutic fever broke out. Passing Sable Island they were overtaken by a terrific storm, and the whole squadron scattered and dispersed over the tempest-tossed and unfamiliar North Atlantic Ocean.

When the terrible storm abated, and the bewildering fogs cleared, the men on this transport looked eagerly about them for the accompanying ships. They saw them not. The treacherous sands and entangling shallows that reach out from that crescent "ocean graveyard" had washed into the surging, roaring depths beyond, more than twenty of the stanch and human-freighted ships.

Urged thither by favoring winds, the transport, in a disabled condition, made the safe and spacious harbor of Chebucto.

A league or more up the shore, on a wooded point that made out into the blue waters of the Basin, lived a few French families. When the troops from the transport landed and were camped, these people came down the shore to greet them. From them the men learned the fate of the great fleet.

Twenty sail only had reached the harbor. Full a thousand of the troops had died, and were buried on the shore of the Basin; and but two days before the transport had arrived, the remnant of the squadron had set sail for Port Royal. When the commander of the transport heard this he was eager to join the fleet, and at once ordered his men aboard. But panic-struck and already touched with symptoms of the dreaded fever, they refused to set foot again on the plague-cursed ship. There was hot dispute, but the men prevailed, and with only a crew aboard, the transport set sail to overtake the other vessels, the soldiers promising to march overland through the forest and join their commander at Port Royal.

Two old men offered to guide the troops on the first day's journey, and assured them that with directions and proper attention to the stars and the sun, they could easily make their way on to Minas, where they could procure guides for the remainder of the journey, which was but a three days' march from the head of the Basin. Ready to go anywhere, out of sight of those thousand graves of their compatriots, the men were eager to undertake the journey, confident that they could find their way through the wilderness.

When they were about to start, an old woman dressed in a red coat and cap, suddenly made her appearance in the little settlement and attracted the attention of the troops.

"It is old Mag," said the guides. "She brought us news from Cobequid to-day. Five years ago her boy was lost in the forest, and she has been searching for him ever since. Some of the soldiers at Port Royal gave her the coat and cap, and she wears them so the British will not kill her, she says. From Bay to Basin she tramps, and always alone. She has her own paths through the woods; no one else knows

them, no one ever meets her, but she is never lost."

The woman was small, and slight of form. Her close-cut hair was gray, and on her head she wore a little military cap. The big red soldier coat hung loose around her narrow shoulders, and reached far down over the blue woollen skirt of her dress. Her face was sharp, and the small eyes eager and keen.

She walked up very near the soldiers, without speaking; looked sharply into each bronzed face. When she came beside the commanding officer who was a young man, he said: "Good day, mother."

She started, and the small eyes glanced piercingly into his, but she made no answer, nor seemed to heed the laughter of the men, as with a chorus of "good-bys" they started on their way and entered into the dense forest that bordered the silvery Basin.

The cool depths of the great woods invigorated the men, and they marched the whole day, resting only at noon for dinner.

"Where is old Mag? Did she follow us?" some one asked of the guides. "We thought we saw her red coat through the trees a while ago." But the guides shook their heads.

"She is back with the women," they said. "She stays always a week or more with us. If she were here though, she could lead you to Minas, if she liked. She knows the way; it is her home."

When they rested at night, another of the men protested he had seen her red coat during the afternoon.

"It was old Mag, or a British soldier," said he.

"It was the red leaves of the maples," said the guides. "Though it might be she would follow you, for she says the captain here is her long-lost son."

The men laughed at the idea of the crazy woman, and laid themselves down to sleep.

Next morning, their guides left them. When they rested at sunset that night, hope was not so high in their hearts, for fever symptoms had come upon them, and a few of their number were already sick with the dread disease. The simple remedies carried with them were administered but brought small relief.

"We will reach Minas by noon of another day," said their commander as they started again on the third morning. The sick men made no answer; in their thoughts were the

new made graves around that silvery Basin at Chebucto.

The sickness made their progress slow, a cold rain came on, and by night it was discovered that they had gone far out of their course, and had passed the French settlements. Where they now were they could not tell, but they found themselves in a valley, with the mountains on either side of them, and knew they were in a part of the country not described by their guides as being on the route to Minas.

More than half the men were by this time sick and suffering and disheartened. The brave young commander, knowing that Port Royal was at the extreme western end of the valley and could not be many days' march away, urged them on in the hope to reach this destination. But fate had for the stricken young soldiers a nearer bivouac.

The cold rain continued. On the afternoon of the following day they struck a sandy plain. Up from the plain to the west rose a series of low hills topped with towering pines; the great trees promised shade, the soft furzy ground rest. With all their strength the sick and hopeless soldiers

pushed on toward them, and at sunset reached the first ridge, and laid themselves down to wait for strength, or death—they cared little which.

When morning dawned they saw, seated upon the ground by the young commander's head, the strange, soldier-coated woman. If they had seen Port Royal they would not

Basket Maker's Camp

have been more amazed. In their fatigue and sickness they had forgotten about her, and since that first day's march her name had not been spoken by any among them.

The woman expressed no surprise at their condition, and except to the commander, she spoke but seldom. Water was their

chief want, and to the thirsty disheartened soldiers there seemed no prospect of getting it. But the strange woman knew where there was a deep and pure spring, and hour after hour, she brought it to them, cool and fresh, filling their small tins over and over again with infinite patience.

To each man she stood for some loved one he had left behind him, the memories of them clothing her with tenderness and grace. To each her woman's presence brought some strange comfort and assurance, the safety the sick child feels with the mother at watch. For these suffering men though stout to meet death in sudden combat, were, as they ever are, but children in the face of long pain, resting upon the watcher to fight for them the dread foe.

The great haversacks, so stout at the start, were nearly empty now, and what food remained was salt and sodden. After the rain, the sun shone as if with the fiery heat of a July day. It was a good-by summer shining from the clear autumn sky. It ripened the late grain of the Acadian farmers; it reddened the clustering apples in their orchards; tinged with many hues the forest foliage, and brought delight and glad-

ness to thousands of hearts. But it scorched the cheeks and parched the lips of the poor soldier lads who had pitched their final tent on that wild sand-ridge. Fitful winds rustled in the tall pine tops, and fluttered the needled tossing branches far above them, but stooped not to sway the hot brown furze, nor fan the hectic faces of the fever-stricken men stretched upon it.

By noon of the next day one half their number were still as the stirless air about them. Their weak comrades scooped them a grave in the hot sand, and then lay down themselves, to rise never again.

Constantly the strange red-coated woman attended to their wants. The captain was to her crazy mind her long-sought son, and for him she had special care. But all the men were her "boys," and when no one was left strong enough, she digged the narrow beds in the sand, and laid the dead away to rest.

At last her own strength seemed to fail, and she too lay down upon the hillside, and made no further effort.

While there, in the still, hot afternoon, with no sound but the faint swaying of the pine-tops above them, and the fainter

rustling of the brown furze about them, she raised herself on one arm and listened. They who watched her listened also, but they heard nought.

"It is the marching of men!" she said. "I hear them; they are coming to save you!"

Eagerly the helpless soldiers tried to catch the sound, but only the sweep of the dry hot wind fell upon their dull ears.

"I hear them," said the woman. "I must go and find them before they pass." And she rose to her feet, but fell back helpless.

"It is all in her crazy head," the soldiers murmured, as hope died again in their hearts. "Her poor crazy head."

The next morning she was better. "I am going to find the troops," she said; "they must have rested all night, and are not far away. I will bring them back with me."

The lads looked at one another silently, as she placed a can of water from the spring at every head. She did not say the haversacks were empty, but they guessed it. They waved their sick hands in good-by as she went down the slope. "Her poor crazy head," they murmured, as her light feet sped over the furze and sand—"her poor crazy head"—and watched till they lost the

last gleam of the red coat and cap among the great trees on the opposite hill.

Over the pine-clad reaches, in every direction, went her weak old feet. At last she struck the beaten track of marching men. It was the trail of Ramzey and his troops from Port Royal, who waiting in vain for D'Anvell's fleet, had given up the capture of the fortress and were marching overland to Minas, the sound of their tramping feet carrying on the sentient autumn air to that death camp on the sandy ridge, where quick would they have turned in rescue of their comrades had they but known.

All day the old woman followed on their trail, then gave up, and weary and tottering returned to the sick soldiers. The tin cans were empty, but there was no longer need to fill them. Not one of her brave "boys" was left alive. For them all, now, the march was ended—all those hot restless spirits that had stirred to honor and conquest at their country's call, so brave, so enduring, dying for the wraith of Glory.

Late in November Old Mag made her appearance at Minas. She had not been at

the village for two months, and the people supposed she had met her death in some of her wild tramps. Many questions were asked about her long absence, but she talked little, and seemed to be no longer wild in her insanity, but strange and silent.

As the years passed, she grew more sane, and gave up her wandering fits, except in September and October of every autumn, when she was missed from the hamlet.

At the time of the expulsion of her people in "55" she was off on one of these tramps. By some means her little house escaped the burning, and when British subjects took possession of the lands of the evicted Acadians, they found the old French woman living in her solitary little hut. Among these strange people, who knew nothing of her past history, she gained the reputation of a witch and fortune-teller, and many, curious to lift the veiled future, flocked to her house.

She lived to be a hundred and two years old. During the last hours of her life, she told the tale of the buried soldiers on that sandy ridge. They who heard her thought it but a "vision," or the raving of unreason, as she described the white reaches of sand

hills, the great pines, the dying of the men, and the spring of clear water. They listened, but believed not, as she told how she had gathered the glittering arms together and thrown them into a bottomless bog below the slope, and collected the gold and valuables of the lads and buried them with the loved young commander. But as time passed, and the old woman's story was told outside the village where she lived, her reputation as a fortune-teller added weight to the "vision," and men made search for the sandy ridge with the clear spring of water and the bottomless bog. The face of the country had changed in the fifty years since "46"; but at length some one found the pine-clad hills, and from a sunny southern slope digged up white and mouldering bones and remnants of armor.

Then there were searchers innumerable. Men are living yet who tell of midnight expeditions to the spot. Mineral rods have been called to aid the search; and more rustic seekers have cut the forks of the mystic witch-hazel and followed its bendings and twistings toward heaps and hollows in the brown furze. Buckles of metal, buttons and mouldering bones have rewarded the ardent

adventurers, but no golden coins have yet been shown.

There is rumor that an old Scotsman, living near, who was in one day changed from a poor to a rich man, found the commander's grave and the buried gold. He was seen by many, digging over the sunny slope, and he did not deny, nor would he own, that he found the treasure. But his descendants still enjoy the fruits of a strange sudden prosperity that the old man's neighbors say came to him in no other way.

The little bog at the foot of the slope has never given up its glittering arms. It is sparsely grown now, with hackmatack, and black spruce, but no man has ever yet been able to sound its mysterious depths.

The clear spring of water not far distant, is, except to a few, unknown and unused; and ferns spread their creeping fronds over the moist surrounding stones forever wet with the ascending vapor.

The great pines have been cut away from many of the hills, and heath and wild cranberry vines grow in their stead. The Ridge is desolate; only the winds frequent it, save when leaves are sere and the pale brown

lights of October are on the hills. Then a woman in a red coat and cap haunts the spot. Hither and thither, over the white ridge hurries the soldier-coated specter—out on the verdured plain to the east, across the barren moor to the west, ever on the run. Not the wind over the wastes, not the spurred steed that flees at her approach, is more fleet than her light and hurrying feet. She is seeking for the marching troops, and no one willingly crosses her path.

Leon of Louisburg

Leon of Louisburg

ON the sixteenth day of June, 1745, an enemy fleet lay at the mouth of the harbor of the French city of Louisburg; at sunset it would enter the spacious harbor, at sunrise next morning take possession of the fortress.

For forty-nine days the city had been besieged by the British Colonials. On the first day the elegant buildings were entire, the white lilies of France bloomed in the beautiful gardens, the stone walls surrounding the place on all sides were deemed impregnable, and the blue waters were clear of any sail save the French ships. On this last day the elegant edifices were riddled

with balls; the white lilies broken by murderous bombs; breaches were made in the strong walls—and out at the mouth of the blue harbor swung the conquering fleet.

Many of the inhabitants as well as the soldiery, were killed, or lay wounded and dying in the spacious Hospital of Saint Jean de Dieu. While every other building in the city was mutilated, this alone remained sound.

Up and down the long corridor off which were the private apartments of the hospital, paced a lad perhaps fifteen years of age.

Not a head on the low pallets but turned with a smile as the boy entered the main ward. From the lowest underling to the presiding surgeon, all loved and reverenced him. He was a protege and ward of Duchambon's. On his first arrival from France, when but a child of six years, the Governor had placed him entirely under the care of Father Linipero, a learned and talented Abbe, his own trusted adviser and friend. The Abbe exerted an unlimited influence over the boy, and the boy's devotion to the priest was wonderful.

One of Father Linipero's daily duties was to visit the inmates of the hospital, and

rarely a day when the boy did not accompany him. All of the Father's helpful, soothing ways he copied and far excelled; alleviating with a strange and almost healing touch, the hot fevered brows, and paroxysms of pain.

As he passed through the ward this morning of the sixteenth, he gave no heed to the smiles of welcome. Only when he turned from the ward to the corridor, did he pause. On a low temporary cot lay an aged Indian, and with instant knowledge the boy saw that he was dying. Placing both his small white hands on the copper-colored ones of the old man, he murmured the prayer he had heard Father Linipero repeat so often, and even while he prayed the death struggle came. The dim old eyes used to peering out into the eternal silences of the deep woods, hung with yearning gaze upon the fresh young face bent above him, the lips moved as if eager with some last message. But no words were uttered, and Leon passed on.

Up and down the long corridor he paced restlessly. At the south end the door of one of the private apartments was ajar, and as he passed and repassed he could hear

the murmur of voices. At length the door was opened, and a surgeon came out.

"Is the Father ready for me?"

The surgeon turned at sound of the voice. "Are you the messenger he spoke of?" he asked. "I supposed it was some strange lad. I would not have kept you waiting; go in. And yet another messenger awaits him," he added as he turned away, "a messenger I cannot waive."

The boy pushed the door open, and reverently entered, then at a sign from the Father, closed it tightly.

The gray morning light was dimmed by the glare of two tall candles which, set in silver sockets, rested on the floor beside the low bed and threw their yellow light in a nimbus around the pallid face on the pillows. The head of the great black bedstead reached to the ceiling, and from it hung a canopy of dark silk which parted at the sides and swept upon the polished floor. The light of the candles shone in the opening and lighted with a strange luster the stricken face that lay back behind the dark canopy. To the boy's reverent eyes it seemed almost a shrine, and from very awe he did not approach nearer, but threw him-

self prostrate upon the great crimson pillow of down which lay across the foot of the bed.

"I have come at your bidding, Father," he said. "I would have been here before, but the Governor needed me. Do you know that this night we give up to the English, and the morrow will see us on the ocean for France? All the plans are being made, and you and I go on the same ship."

"You and I will not go on the morrow," said the Abbe. "For me there is a longer journey than France, and for you a sterner duty than your obligation to the Governor. The Indians out in the Hill Settlement are dying by scores with the malady that came upon them years ago, nor can they be saved but by the medicine I healed them with then; no one but you, or I, can gather the roots for the cure—and before the sun sets to-night I will have started on my journey."

It was part of the priest's power over the boy that he stated things directly. To have worked upon his sympathy by long recital of the suffering people would have been incitement soon cooled, but deep in the boy's nature was a stern sense of duty, and be bowed down before this straightforward

proclamation of it. Not for an instant, at first, did he think of actually evading the task. How it was to be accomplished, and how he could be brave enough to perform it, were his only thoughts.

"The forests are dense, Father, outside the city walls, and the way is more than a score of miles, and strange," he said.

"There is a shorter, safer way to go," replied the priest. "Claude Ouachenoite is in the main ward—he can tell you. It was for the medicine he came, but he was shot and cannot live a day. He will give you all directions—go to him now, and talk it over with him, and then return to me again."

"He died not an hour since, as I waited your pleasure," replied the boy, but even when he spoke he knew that this would in no sense deter the task in the Abbe's mind.

"Died?" exclaimed the Father, "dead now? and I could have taken down the directions when first he came, had I but known! Your task will be even harder than I feared; but a way will be shown you. To escape from Duchambon's eye will be the hardest part. The Governor sees things not as you and I see them, and the

need would not appear to him; but there is a need, and according as the light has been given us, we must walk, not as it has been given to others. To-night, did you say, the city is given up?"

"To-night," said the boy wearily. "To-night at six the fleet enters the harbor, and all night the packing goes on in the Governor's house. He gave me many directions—will it be right to leave my duty there?"

"Duties can never conflict," said the Abbe, "one of them always overcomes the others and is paramount. Yours now, is to go to these Indians. They have been our devoted friends, often freely offering their lives to aid our cause—can we leave them now, our support, even as a nation, withdrawn, and know that only from selfishness on our part, they perish? They trust me to send or bring the cure; I cannot go, and you are the only one I can send. You are young, but you have the knowledge and heart of a man.

"The West Gate, undergoing repairs when the siege began, is temporarily barricaded with lumber and stones, and during the siege breaches have been made in the

walls adjoining it. Be there at twelve, when the guard changes, slip through, and then follow your senses over the thirty miles between there and the settlement. Not a beast, human or wild, shall touch a lock of your gold hair to harm you—"

The Father's voice trembled, and broke as he said these last words, and he turned away from the boy's steady gaze, for he loved him, and rather than have him harmed, would have suffered untold tortures. As he looked upon him and thought of all the dangers that might assail him, he hesitated, and his heart would fain have spared him, but the task must be done; and when he spoke again there was a pitiless ring in his voice.

"Forty days the sun has shone clear and bright, a deluge of sunshine uninterrupted by cannon shots or shrieks of death, but when it goes down to-night, the rain will fall and the night will be black and thick. You can readily escape through the ruined streets to the West Gate. I have written down for you the description of the plants whose roots you require, and on your way you will gather as many of these as you can carry. I have also written directions

for preparing the remedy; given freely it is potent as death, given sparingly it cheats death. The single yellow flower I showed you last year when we were gathering bulbs, you will seek for most carefully. It is a variety of the Tormentilla and you could easily mistake another for it, but I trust you."

As he spoke he drew a sealed paper from his pillow, and reaching over put it in the boy's hand, which lay palm upward on the crimson cushion. The small white fingers were for a moment passive, then closed tightly over it.

"I cannot tell you how you will get back to France, or when, or if ever; but that need not hinder you. You will not try to leave while these small hands can minister to other's needs; they have a power you wot not of, and the power was given you to use. Will you go?"

Slowly the boy lifted his head forward, and rose to his feet, his face rigid with determination. So worked upon had he been by the priest's plans, so wrapped in his directions, that no thought, for the time, of friends, of France, or even of the dying condition of the Abbe entered his mind

to dispossess this other motive. That the Abbe wished him to go he knew, that he must go he never once doubted, and with not a trace of boyish weakness or indecision he said, "I will do as you wish," bent for a moment and kissed the trembling hand outside the coverlet, then went from the room.

With firm step he walked down the corridor, lifted his cloak from a stand, and wrapped it about his shoulders and stepped out into the bright sunlight.

Then came the revulsion, and the weakness. The ruined streets, the moans of the wounded borne into the hospital, the curses of the soldiers—all lost for a while in the hush of that dim chamber with the dying priest—broke the spell, and bursting back into the apartment again he threw himself down with bitter crying, on the floor beside the bed.

"What makes you ask me?" he cried. "I cannot do it. And you, O, Father! how can I bear to think of you dying and leaving me—I forgot that, forgot everything; and I thought I could do it, but I cannot. I would rather die too, here with you. It is so far there, and so wild, and I may never

get back to France—what makes you ask me? it is too hard; it is so hard, and I am only a boy!"

"Only a boy," ah, yes! the Abbe knew it. With a dying strength he leaned forward and drew the lad's white face close to his own, and for many minutes there was no word spoken. Close around the Abbe's neck, the boy twined his arms, and they lay there together, as they would never be again, together struggling, the boy with his weakness, the man with death; and for a while the two held communion that no words could interpret—the gray-haired man, all but through with the battles of life, the youth just beginning them.

At length the priest spoke. "Leon," he said, "it is true you are only a boy, but it is not men alone who do brave deeds; it is the spirit that counts, and not the years. And if the journey be wild and rough and never prehaps leads to France—what matter? Your feet, before you live to be my age, may have to tread many wilder, rougher ways. I am near to the end of life, not ever to France can I go—and God will you may never love France as I do and be kept from France as I have been. I meant al-

ways, to tell you—but now it is too late. If as hard things are for you as were meted out to me I have no fear you will shirk them."

"Before the ships sail on the morrow, while yet this is a French city, I will be through my journey; and yours will be but begun. I will be buried under the great hemlock-tree on the hillside, where we have rested so often; the surgeon has promised me that. And once, some time, I want you to come and lie down beside me. I shall know it. Now go, the hours are passing and there is much for you to think of and do. No fears this time, no tears; think not of France, but only of the Right."

Again the boy rose to his feet and bent and kissed the trembling hands of the Abbe. Neither spoke a word of farewell; that had been done in the long, silent embrace.

This time the noises of the street did not disturb him. He passed slowly along, as was necessary among the debris that blocked the way. Groups of men stood congregated on safe corners, in their hearts and upon their faces even now the shadow of the great home-sickness that would assail them with such terrible force,

when with the morrow's sundown the transport-ships would drop down the harbor, out of sight of the islands and hills and familiar shores of what to many was their native land, and leaving behind them forever their dead, and their city in ruins.

As the straight cloaked figure of the boy passed these groups, scores of hats were

A Rural Dock

doffed, for scarcely a man in the city but knew by sight if not personally, the handsome ward of the Governor, who walked about so much with the Abbe. Seeing but the one figure now, many a pitying thought came into their hearts for the lonely lad,

for all knew that the kind priest lay dying in the hospital.

With no show of his sorrow in his face, he walked on, and struck the Parade. The great square was deserted and desolate, and he quickly crossed it and entered the garrison chapel. There, wild with excitement, people of all classes had thronged, the rich and the poor crowded indiscriminately in the pews and aisles, all bowed with the common anguish of leaving their homes and losing their dear ones.

Close beside the door knelt a woman rich in laces and silk, who had lost husband and son during the siege. Throwing her arms up and covering her face with her hands she moaned in agony of prayer, "Ah, Blessed Mother, make me strong, make me strong!"

"Ah, yes, make me strong," the boy echoed as he knelt beside her, "make me strong!" But only his heart echoed it; no word escaped his rigid lips, and he rose from his knees and passed out of the chapel. Reaching the outer door he paused; he could distinctly hear a hoarse roaring like distant thunder, and knew the storm the priest had prophesied was at hand. Al-

ready it was sending its prelude through the air and over the waters of the tempestuous Atlantic.

To the left was the placid harbor, at its mouth the British fleet, and beyond the fleet the heavy bank of fog that the southwest wind blowing from the strait and Cape North kept always there.

To the right, beyond and over the walls, sloped the spacious marsh, covered now with myriads of golden-cupped lilies. And beyond the marsh, landward, beyond the West Gate, straight out from the gabled roofs of the hospital lay the low hills and black woods. Through them, and alone, the boy must pass.

He stood still, with both hands shading his eyes, looking out over the broad waters for many minutes. Out by the rocky islet lay the ships that would have taken him on the morrow, home to France. But when they set sail he would be somewhere out in that great stretch of black woods beyond the marsh.

He turned away and crossed to the north side of the square where the Governor's mansion was; entered quietly, and went up to his own apartment. The house was

crowded with people, and Duchambon himself occupied with a delegation of the elders of the city. No one gave particular thought to the boy as he passed, and the members of the household supposed him with the dying Abbe.

Shutting himself in, he fastened the door and lay wearily down across the foot of his couch. The sunset vanished almost as soon as it glowed. Then the storm began; the rain came down in white blinding sheets, and the wind blew fiercely.

Two hours and more he lay there. No thought of evading the task entered his mind; to do it was compulsory—that it was so hard to do caused the struggle.

A sound of guns broke the stillness of the room and told him it wanted but an hour of twelve; at twelve the guard at the West Gate would change.

He opened the window and stood for a moment on the sill. Far off in the harbor and toward the King's Bastion was a confused noises of voices and guns, but out in the direction of the West Gate all was quiet. The window opened on a piazza, and from this to the terraced garden was an easy leap.

Not a sound did his lithe footfalls make as he crossed the Parade and stole past the sentry-post and out into the street which led direct to the Hospital. There the lights from the many windows broke the black gloom of the night and threw in full sight the street in front, so turning in another direction he went by a longer route up over the Covert Ways and direct to the side of the postern gate. He did not reach it a moment too soon. Scarcely had he shielded himself behind the stone loosely piled there during the siege when a group of soldiers marched up the street singing and talking loudly. They as well as the guard at the gate had been drinking freely of the liquor which had been placed in the general storehouse. Orders were given for it to be strictly guarded, but in the confusion of the last hours all orders had been broken, and whole hogsheads were emptied and distributed among the soldiers in different parts of the city. When the group drew near, they roused the drunken guard and all went into the shed in front of the Gate, where the liquor had been secreted.

With a single leap the boy stepped from behind the stone and pushed through the

nearest breach, passing so close to the relieving sentry the end of his cloak brushed against one of them. The soldier started, and grasped his musket, but seeing nothing, and hearing only the laughter of his comrades, passed on to the shed; giving time to the boy to walk swiftly out of sound before the new guard came on duty. Another moment and escape would have been hopeless; trained by the Abbe in all his actions to instant decision, he used the one favorable moment given him, and was free.

For an hour his way lay over the low hills that skirted the back of the walls. The rain, fierce enough in the more sheltered city, beat furiously down in the open country, and when he reached the great wood he was drenched to the skin.

This much of the journey he knew well, and knew also that not forty yards within the wood was a wigwam, used by the Indians, when going back and forth from the city. He and the Abbe had often sheltered there. With little difficulty he found it, and lay down, utterly exhausted. All the rest of the night he staid there, awake and alone, on the verge of the dark forest; the giant trees rocking and reeling in the

furious gusts, and the rain even in those dense woods, falling like bullets on the birch-bark shelter.

Soon as the morning dawned, he started out again, and all day, with no depression, no sorrow on his face, pursued his way like a man going about some business he had long expected to perform. In the open places of the forest and on the shores of the lakes he searched for the roots the Abbe had specified. Often the way was rough and untrodden, sometimes the woods so dense and dark that his eyes could penetrate no farther than each step took him.

Once, a great sheet of water in the midst of the wood forced him to turn back and retrace miles of his journey, only to again emerge on the edge of the same lake. Again he wound his way back, and this time struck the Indian trail. From there on the way was worn and easily followed, and led direct to the encampment, so that when nightfall came he was within a mile of the Hill Settlement.

Only a few words of Micmac tongue he knew, but much of the Algonquin, for the Abbe, with a strange love of mastering all that touched him, had possessed himself of

this language; and a knowledge of Algonquin among the Indian tribes of that time was what French is among European nations of to-day, so the boy knew that he could converse readily with the chief and elder braves.

The sun was sinking when he entered the plague-stricken village. The wigwams were ranged in a semicircle inside the picketed inclosure. Lying on the ground before some of them, and across the thresholds of many, were the dying Indians, men, women and children; squatted in frightened groups were others, and from some of the wigwams came the sound of wailing and chanting.

As the fair-haired boy entered the open part of the inclosure, he could be distinctly seen from all the tents. Under his arms were great bundles of red and black roots, in his hands bunches of the flowering Tormentilla; his cloak fell back from his shoulders, his golden curls were damp and tossed by the wind and rain, and his face intense and eager with sympathy.

Some slunk back with fears at his approach, others clustered about him, while yet others ran to the chief to acquaint him

of the stranger in their midst. It took but few words to tell the chief of the death of the Indian runner, and why he had been sent in his place, and instead of the Abbe himself.

For many weeks he remained among them, healing many with the strange and powerful remedy, and staying the ravage of the dread plague. Carefully he taught the Indians to themselves recognize the leaf and roots of the plant, and went with parties to gather and dry the Tormentilla against a further need; and when the maize grew golden and full, every trace of the plague had left the encampment.

Not while he could minister to the people had he allowed himself to think of France; the need over, the mission accomplished, his heart yearned for friends and civilized life. With characteristic silence the Indians had never questioned him of his departure. They accepted his tarrying as they had accepted his coming, and when the boy spoke to them of his desire to return to France, they readily told him of the yearly visit the Micmacs of Isle Royale made every hunting moon to pay tribute to the Algonquins on the Ottawa River, and

that he could accompany them that far on the way.

Remembering the dying wish of the Abbe he urged one of the braves to go back with him to Louisburg, over the perilous journey of that stormy night, to help him seek out the grave of his loved friend. But the English still held the ruined city, and knowing that they were regarded by them as the allies of the French, the Indians had wholesome fears of being seen, and refused to go; promising him to find the grave at some later time and carefully tend it.

When the full ears of maize were gathered, the furs dried and dressed, and the canoes newly ornamented, the braves of the Micmacs started on their journey. At dawn of day they set out from the encampment. Silently the chief and the women and children followed them to the water's edge to bid farewell to the fair-haired Wenuch whom they had reverenced as though he were a Sasus sent from God. Almost as sorrowfully the boy bade adieu to them, promising that sometime if he lived he would surely return.

Up the little river they sped, across the portage to the chain of lakes, and out into

the next river to its mouth—then out upon the blue waters of the Atlantic. Close by the shore they paddled, up through the narrow precipitous strait between Isle Royale and the peninsula, and up into the longer strait between that and Isle Jean. Then Fort Beau Sejour and Fort Gasperau came to view, and there they stopped for supplies of food and another detachment of Indians to join them on their long way to "the people at the end of the water."

There also was De Luttre, the warrior priest, from Quebec. He had often been in Louisburg and knew well the Governor and his orphan ward. To him the boy went for information and advice; and when the Indians started out again Leon remained behind, persuaded by De Luttre to go with him, by sloop, direct to Quebec, and from thence by vessel to France—promising them that some time when the marsh was golden with lilies he would return, to visit the Abbe's grave, and their encampment.

For many seasons the Indians journeyed out to camp on a slope of the low hills just outside the city's walls, to watch for his coming, near the great hemlock tree where a small iron cross marked the priest's rest-

ing place. But year after year went by, and their watch was unrewarded.

The fortress city passed back again into French hands; was taken again by the English, occupied by them for a time, then abandoned and razed to the ground; and seldom a sail showed on the desolate waters of the great harbor. One midsummer day, when the lilies had budded and blown and turned from all their gold to brown, and faded quite, and over the surface of the broad marsh the bake-apple blossoms had turned to tinted fruit, he came back to them—a weak and bent and pallid man, prematurely old, stricken with a malady from which there was no recovery. He had returned to the scenes of his boyhood, that he might be buried beside the priest when the end came.

The Chief, and the elders of the tribe had passed away, but dying had told to the young men the story of his mission among them and his wondrous healing of the dread plague. His welcome was assured.

Quietly, contentedly he tarried in their midst, curing many who were sick, teaching them much knowledge of roots and herbs, and compounding for them concoctions for

healing which to this day they preserve among their people. Before the lilies were blown again over the Louisburg Marsh, he had passed forever from earth.

They made him a grave close beside the Abbe's, that the two might rest together after the long parting—an exiled priestly son of one of France's noblest families,—a physician of such renown in his home land that France would have honored him as a prince in his burial.

"Boy Blue" of Grand Pré

"Boy Blue" of Grand Pré

January 20, 1747.

THE white, cold light of a winter moon shone over the icebound Basin of Cumberland. Crisp, frosty snow lay deep and level on the wide, open marshes, drifted and banked along the upland slopes, wreathed and festooned the leaf-forsaken forests of the Shepody Hills, and curled in fantastic cornice over the ragged edge of their cliffy summits.

Two months had the French Commander Ramzey, and his Canadian troops, been quartered in the little village of Beaubassin, one of the many prosperous French settlements then circling the Basin at the

head of the Bay of Fundy. Since his return from the unsuccessful attack on Port Royal, his soldiers had been in winter quarters. Early in December a report had reached him, that a large force of British volunteers from Massachusetts was to be sent to the Province, and for several weeks he anxiously waited for some word of their arrival; but none came, and a deep fall of snow now shut off all communication by land with the settlements along the shores, while the cold filled the Basin with floating icebergs, and precluded navigation. Thus garrisoned by the elements, the troops expected to remain until the warm airs of spring had loosened winter's icy hold of land and sea.

In the early part of this evening of the twentieth of January, Ramzey was alone in the house where he had taken up his quarters. He had gone to the casement for a final look upon the lonely white wastes, when a loud, sharp knocking sounded on the outer door. He quickly opened it. Two dark figures stood in the shovelled pathway through the high banked snow.

"Here is a messenger who would see you, sire," said the foremost, with a salute to the

commander as he swung wide open the heavy plank door.

"Who is he?" asked Ramzey, recognizing in the speaker the sentry from the guard house, and glancing sharply out at the large figure in the pathway beyond.

"He would not tell me, sire," answered the soldier, "but he would see you to-night, and would answer no questions of mine."

At this the commander stepped back into the room, where lights and fire-arms made safe a reception of a strange messenger. "Let him come in here," he said.

The man was on the threshold as the commander finished speaking, and passing ahead of the soldier, entered quickly the warm light room, closing the door behind him.

Ramzey glanced questioningly at the intruder, who seemed in no haste to speak, but began removing his wrapping. The outer coat or mantle was of coarse heavy jersey, such as the peasant French wore in winter weather. Under this was a short jerkin of thick fur, and beneath this a waistcoat of dressed skin. On his head, and pulled well down over his forehead, was a large round cap.

One after the other he pulled off these outer garments, and throwing them carelessly on the floor beside him, he stood before the commander, not the stout, strong man he had at first sight seemed, but a compactly built, sturdy youth of about nineteen, dressed in a half suit of army jeans, and with the artless, candid face of a mere boy.

Ramzey's own face lighted in recognition, as with a toss of his skin cap to the floor, the lad looked up at him with a merry glance in his blue eyes. "Henri!" he exclaimed, "when did you come, and how, and why in this guise of clothes?"

"The weather is cold, sire," the young man replied, "and heavy clothing is a necessity—and there might be other reasons—but are we alone?"

Ramzey nodded a reply, and closing the heavy inner shutters of the casement seated himself near the lad.

"There are four hundred British soldiers from Massachusetts camped at Grand Pré, quartered in our people's houses, and your men could kill them all in an hour," said the boy.

"Your voucher for your word!" interrupted the officer quickly.

The youth's face flushed, and a reply seemed to tremble on his lips, but was not spoken; and from an inner pocket he drew a sealed packet and handed it to the commander.

Ramzey broke the seal, and hastily read and re-read the contents of the paper.

"Your pardon, lad," he said, when he had finished. "But in these troublous times false words and true are alike falsely dressed, and caution is necessary when receiving words and men unguarded. Your voucher is authority, however, for I know the priest's handwriting. But he tells me no more than that your words can be relied upon, and that it is a dangerous way for a man to make alone. Where have you been since I last saw you in the autumn, and when did you last see the fort at Port Royal, Henri?"

"Six weeks and some days ago. I deserted from the fort, and I needed to take time, and caution, in coming."

"Why were you not content to remain there, and what brought you here?" asked the officer.

The youth hesitated an instant, then with a straight glance at the commander, he said:

"I left because I needed more money than I could get there. When you were in Port Royal you promised me a place if I came to you—that is why I deserted. But when I got to Minas I found the British soldiers there, and our people forced to feed and shelter them. I knew there would be a rich reward to the man who brought the news, and I risked the long, cold journey for the reward. Will you give it? The priest promised me it should not be less than fifty louis-d'or—did he tell you so in the paper I gave you?"

"He told me so, and you shall have it," replied the officer. "And the king may double the reward if the British can be caught in that cage—I like the spirit of the messenger and I can make good use of you, my boy."

"I can not stay in your service, now," said the lad. "I am to be back in Minas by the tenth of the month, and I want the reward."

"You shall have it," said Ramzey, "but you cannot leave me yet. Your message means work for our soldiers. That work means a march through the woods to Minas, and you must pilot them there. Your re-

ward will be twice doubled if you take them safely and lead them direct to the houses where the British are quartered."

"Then I will take only the sum the priest promised, and go now," said the youth. "I must be back in Minas by the tenth of February."

"There is but one must in the case," said the commander sternly, "and that is that you must stay here till the soldiers are ready to march, and then guide them to Minas—until then, you are a prisoner, and go not out from this house. At daybreak I will call a council and in three days at the most our start can be made. This will give you as long a time for your journey back as you used in coming, and you can be in Minas on your 'tenth day,' and a goodly escort with you." And without waiting for a reply the commander called the sentinel and gave the youth in charge, with directions to keep him under guard.

As he was led away, unresisting, except in his flushed face, the officer picked from the floor among the heavy clothing the youth had flung there, a bright bit of blue ribbon, tied in a knot fashioned only by a maiden's fingers. The stern commander

smiled, and tucked the blue silk in his own waistcoat pocket; then with orders for food and fire to be provided for the lad's comfort, he closed and barred his door again.

Early next morning a council was called. Ramzey had deliberated well upon the news brought by the boy, and laid his plans for the march and the attack upon the British soldiers at ease and in supposed safety, in the houses of the people of Grand Pré. Word soon spread among the troops, and many were the questions about the messenger who had brought the news. Some of them remembered him as the young French lad from Grand Pré who had enlisted with the British at Port Royal during the siege of the previous year, and who was often sent to the French camp during the informal and unmartial interviews of that autumn campaign.

All that the lad had told him of the British soldiers, Ramzey made known to his troops, and read to them the priest's letter in confirmation. There was small need of persuasion or commanding; the men were eager for the attack, and in spite of the severity of the cold, the untrodden snow, and the dense unknown forests, were all

anxious to undertake the march. Of Henri's unwillingness to remain to guide them, and his temporary imprisonment, nothing was known by them.

After the council, Ramzey went at once to the little room where Henri had been confined, proffering his hand in friendly greeting, the care and anxiety on his own face lifting at sight of the fresh, frank one of the lad for whom he had taken such a strong fancy in their interviews at Port Royal.

"Henri," he said, "in times of war, necessity makes enemies of our best friends. It is in my heart to let you do as you wish, but I must keep you and force you to lead our troops to Minas. For the sake of the king I serve, I must do this. He is your king as well, and you should not be unwilling to aid him. Only one hundred of the men now here, were with me at Port Royal, the remainder are new troops from Quebec, and are ignorant of the country. Those who were at Port Royal came here by water and know no part of the long journey that we must now make around the head of the bay. None of them could find their way unguided over those snow-buried paths."

The youth made no answer, but stood silently in front of the commander.

"What is the need of your haste?" Ramzey asked at length, "and why do you so want the money?"

"I must be there on the tenth, and I must have the money," answered the youth. "Is it full faith to deny a promised reward? Is it honor to detain the man who brings you the news at the risk of his life?"

The commander glanced quizzically at him, and drew out the bit of blue ribbon from his waistcoat pocket. The lad caught it and held it in his hand. Ramzey smiled, not banteringly, but with the look of one who had known life and love and had not forgotten; and he waited quietly for some explanation further than had been given.

A restive look crept into the flushed face, but he made no answer for several minutes. At length he spoke.

"I came here for the money the priest promised would be given. You have no right to keep it from me or detain me; but if I do stay, and if I do guide the men back, will you double the reward, as you said?"

"I will," said Ramzey.

"And you will give me the first half when I start?"

"Yes, when you start, and the other half you shall have when you have led the men to the houses and the fighting is done, not until then—it will be given Coulon for you."

"I will do it," said the youth, "but I am to be in Minas on the tenth."

"Then rest at ease now," said the commander, "and keep your wits sharpened; there must be no false moves made on the march. What you remember of the way, detail to the officer I will send you," and Ramzey left the room.

That day and the next, and all through the two long nights, the preparations went on. Racquettes and moccasins had to be procured from the Indians, and wicker hand-sleighs for carrying food and accoutrements. Until they reached Cobequid, a distance of fifty miles, no fresh food could be obtained.

When all was ready for the march, the guide was released from his imprisonment, and went freely about among the men. "The lad," they called him, though not a soldier among them was taller nor straighter than he. It was the round, smooth boyish face, which seemed to have lingered with

all its charm on his sturdy, compact form, that gained him the nickname.

Ramzey was himself laid up with lameness and unable to attempt the journey; and the command of the expedition fell upon Coulon de Villiere, the officer next in rank.

On the twenty-third day of January they set out, three hundred strong. Their way lay first through the dense woods to Bay de Verde, from there along the gulf to Tatamagouche, and thence to Cobequid at the head of Minas Basin.

Clear, cold weather followed them thus far. Henri had resumed the disguise in which he came to Beaubassin, and on his trim close-filled racquettes, led the way over the trackless wilderness of snow, never once mistaking the trail, nor wavering in his selection of routes over and around the great hills, and through the thick swamps. Some one had caught sight of the blue ribbon as he opened his great coat on the first day of the march, and when the laugh and jest went round, the lad defiantly fastened it upon the outer coat in full view of all. "Boy Blue!" said one of the men, and by one and another this new name was taken up, and he was called by no other all of the journey

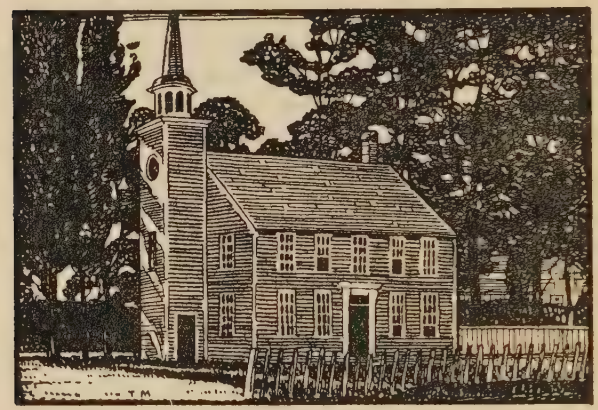
A snowstorm, fierce and wild, came upon them as they started forth after the night's rest at Cobequid, and the travel was slow and difficult. The crust had not formed on the newly falling snow, and the racquettes sunk deep in its crystal depths. All day and all night the cold, white depths increased, banked and barred the hills, bent upon their heads the broad branches of the great trees, and tangled about their racquette-cumbered feet the thick, low underbrush. Five pounds of beef and one loaf of bread for each man was all the rations they had left for the seventy-five-mile march yet before them. The storm had delayed them a full day, and there were no provisions nearer than Pigiquit.

A look of weary anxiety came over the boyish face of their guide. The men noticed it. "Boy Blue is worn out," they said. "If the sledges were strong enough we would carry him."

But he seemed not to need rest. It was the slowness of the march that gave him the look. In the detachments sent ahead to break the way he was always the leader, and unwilling to wait the coming up of the main body.

"If we cannot cross the Chimnakadie on the ice we will lose another day in going round to where it can be bridged," he said. The crunch of the racquettes in the snow was the only sound as the men pushed on after these portentous words of their guide.

On the morning of the thirteenth day of their march they reached the river's broad



Covenanter's Church, Wolfville

channel. But the tides of Cobequid Bay had broken the frost-bridge into great cakes, which ground and chafed against each other, and went and came with each ebb and flow. To cross it at that spot was impossible, and they were forced to march

ten miles out of their course to a place where a temporary bridge could be made. A day and a half was lost in this effort.

When they were once more on their route a change came over their guide. He seemed no longer impatient, but the weary look on the boy-face settled into a sullen, resolute expression, and he seldom spoke to the soldiers.

Another storm of great severity set in, and by morning the drifting snow had so changed the face of the country that the young guide seemed bewildered as to the course. A lofty hill, covered with snow-laden trees and wreathed with long, irregular drifts, lay before the weary and famishing men.

"I am not certain which side of it to lead them," said the lad, and he volunteered to go alone to the top, where he could get a better view of the country and decide upon the nearest and most passable route around. The commander gave his consent, and the young man started out, climbed the steep hillside, and disappeared in the thick snow-shrouded forest.

Hours passed and he did not return. The

soldiers were waiting his coming to continue their march.

"Could he have dropped from exhaustion?" they said, "He seemed made of steel."

Except that some of them remembered him in the campaign at Port Royal, no one knew more about him than that he had brought to Ramzey the news of the British soldiers; but all had taken a strong liking to him from the start, and the blue knot of ribbon so dauntlessly worn, had found a tender spot in the breast of even the hardest.

They remembered his impatient haste to get ahead, the weary look when they were delayed, the sullen silence for the two last days, and his wonderful endurance of fatigue during the long and toilsome march.

Till noon the commander waited his return, but he came not; then a hurried council was called. It was impossible to follow the course he had taken; many of the soldiers were unused to the snow-shoes and could never climb the great wreaths along the hillside. Moreover the fast drifting snow had now completely covered his track. So the route was taken up to the right of

the hill, and continued in the direction forced upon them by the snow-barricaded hillside.

The march around was slow, and the uncertainty of the way was like clogs to the feet of the discouraged soldiers. With the loss of their guide they lost faith in their ability to make the perilous journey to the end. Toward night their course was through a forest of great spreading hemlock that had broken the fury of the storm. Beneath their hundred tiers of green branches the snow lay undrifted and deep. Suddenly one of the foremost men called out,

"A track! a racquette track!"

"Examine its fashion," said the commander. "Boy Blue wore the Iroquois racquette; is it his?"

"It is long and slender," said the soldier, "and turned up at the toe. It may be an Indian's, and Boy Blue may have been a British decoy."

"It is the Iroquois racquette, and our guide's track, I believe; follow it!" commanded Coulon. "If he has gone ahead, he has taken the shortest road, and Pigiquit cannot be many hours' march distant."

The soldiers obeyed the order, and followed the ghostly trail. Six hours of weary tramping, and then came signs of a settlement. Encouraged, the tired men quickened their march, and in an hour more were at the French village. The snow-shoe prints had proved a safe guide.

The remainder of the night and part of the next day they rested. The people received them gladly, provided provisions, and when the start was made again, twenty of the men accompanied the army to lead them across the mountain to Gaspereaux, and over the intervening ridge to Grand Pré, where the British soldiers, unaware of the near approach of the enemy, were living at the expense of the frugal peasants.

When they reached the Gaspereaux they were portioned out in the French houses scattered along the ridge, great fires were built to dry their wet clothing, and food provided; and there they were to remain until midnight when the final march would be made to Grand Pré.

At Pigiquit they could learn nothing of the guide who had so unexpectedly deserted them, though the prints of the racquette had led straight to that village. The storm

and fatigue of the march to Gaspereaux had left little time for further conjectures of his fate, and great was the surprise when the word was spread among them during the evening, that in one of the houses where some of the men lodged, was to be a wedding, and the bridegroom was no other than Boy Blue himself.

"It is a gay wedding," said some of the settlers, "the feast was planned, and the bridegroom picked, one of our own lads. But last night a stranger came to the house, and to-day when they gathered for the feast the bridegroom proved to be the stranger, Henri Doucet, a young lad from Grand Pre who had met and loved the girl the summer before, and who had enlisted with the British at Port Royal, hoping to earn the fifty louis-d'or the father said a son of his should show before he took his daughter. And it seems he escaped from there in early winter and found the day was set for the wedding and he had not the gold. This dared him to try for the offered reward, to go to Chignecto with the news of the British; and when he came back here to the house last night he had the louis-d'or to show as his right to be son-in-law."

Coulon, who held the money given him by Ramzey for the promised bounty, hastened to the house, where by this time were congregated many other unbidden guests.

The little place was crowded, and there was great commotion when the commander stepped in among them and demanded an interview with the young bridegroom.

The lad himself seemed in no way confused. His merry face looked a little worn from the long exposure of the two journeys, but he met with composure the stern officer, and without waiting for question, said:

"I took Ramzey the news, and he gave me the reward. He kept me from returning when I would, and forced me to lead you back, though I told him I must be here this day. He promised to double the reward if I led you on to the British. I have not broken my word, I led you while I could, and when I had other faith to keep I left you my footprints, I knew you could follow them to the Settlement and then easily find the rest of the way here. I am ready to go on now, when you go, and guide you to the houses where the British are quartered;

I promised Ramzey to do so, and mean to keep my promise."

"Could not the maiden have waited," asked the officer, "till your duties were over?" and he looked gravely at the girl who stood beside the youth.

"The maiden could wait," said the lad, "but her father would not, and I needed to hasten, or miss my bride. She can show her courage now, while I go with you to the British soldiers to earn the other half of my bounty."

"There is no need for you to go," said the officer, as a murmur of protest arose from the assembled guests. "You shall have the reward; I will give it to you without further service."

"Not till I have won it," answered the lad. "I earned every centime of the other and I do not mean to beg this."

"Then you will join the troops in an hour," said the commander, and he left the house.

Before the expiration of the hour Boy Blue was at headquarters, and when they set out for Grand Pré he led the way. The anxious, restless look was gone from his

frank boyish face. The knot of blue ribbon still hung from his coat, and twined with it now was a bow of white.

The soldiers cheered as he joined them, cheered again as they caught sight of the white favor knotted with the faded blue. They had now all heard the story, and their stout hearts responded to the power that had made the lad dare life and honor, for love.

Not apprehending an attack during the winter, Col. Noble, the commander of the British forces, had raised no fortifications, but lodged his men upon the habitants. The houses and the roads were guarded, but in the darkness of the night no sight or sound of the enemies' approach reached the sentries till the daring French troops had crept to within a few rods of the guard.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinels, as they caught the first sounds of the approaching army.

No answer was given. The cautious French crept nearer.

Again came the challenge, "Who goes there?" A flash and a loud report was the answer, and the sentries dropped dead. Then the bloody butchery began.

The British soldiers, many of them in their night clothes only, rushed out into the darkness and the snow to meet the deadly storm of bullets and thrust of bayonets. The French troops were divided into ten detachments. Each detachment attacked a separate dwelling. From house to house the fighting continued; three hours in the darkness, and then the gray light of dawn from the wintry sky fell on the crimsoned snow. Col. Noble and one hundred and forty of his soldiers lay dead, half a hundred more were wounded, and as many others prisoners. A truce was called, and the deadly combat ceased.

When the French troops began to gather after their butchery was ended, Boy Blue was again missing. Some of the soldiers had seen him armed with a long sword fighting bravely hand to hand with Colonel Noble in the last contest of the morning. Others had seen that officer fall from a stroke of his blade, while the bloody engagement was still in its fury.

"The maiden has won a brave husband," said the commander, "and he has more than earned his reward—he has earned the Red Ribbon to knot with his white and blue."

The men cheered.

"Where is he? We must find him," said the commander.

"I know where he is," said a soldier, "I have just left him. Come with me."

Every soldier followed, and in a little field off the road, near the stone house where the British kept their cannon and where they had made their last defense in the morning, they came upon him.

Some one had thrown down a cloak in the white drift, and he lay upon it. The blue ribbon and the white still hung from his coat, the ends of the white were shot away, and on both fragments were blotches of blood. The boy-look still clung to his face, but the blue eyes were staring up at the cold sky, and earth had for him no further claims nor joys.

They were inured to scenes of war, these rough, daring soldiers, but tears came to many eyes as they turned away and left him. In his life he had won their love, and in his death their esteem.

Next day they carried him back to the little house where the young wife waited for his coming; and the following day, after the capitulations had been agreed upon and

the British troops had retired to Port Royal, they gave him a soldier's burial. Not a man among them but stood with sorrowful head as they covered the round, boyish face, so still in death, and laid away forever the lad who so well deserved a soldier's tribute of affection.

On the twenty-fifth of February, the French set out again for Beaubassin. Before leaving, Coulon gave into the young wife's hands the reward which would have been the lad's had he lived. Beside this, the officers and soldiers gave of their own money till the louis-d'or were three times doubled.

The return journey was more easily made, and in fourteen days Coulon and his men were again back at Beaubassin—the heroes of a march of eighty leagues in the depths of winter, through a trackless forest, an expedition which if not well authenticated, would seem impossible to have accomplished.

All the succeeding years, until the expulsion in 1755, the young wife remained in her father's house at Grand Pré, keeping singularly true to the memory of the youth

who had dared and lost his life for her love. She was among those who made their perilous flight to the woods and escaped the cruel fate of transportation.

After months of wandering and misery, these fugitives made their way to the forests about the Basin of Cumberland. There they found many of their countrymen who had escaped from the surrounding villages; and after some time they settled on a little wooded peninsula which stretched out into the blue basin. Main-a-Dieu they called it. It seemed to them veritably a hand of God reached out for their succor.

Here their descendants still live, a separate people, mingling not with the people about them, retaining their language, their customs, and their religion. And here is still told the tale of the lad who led the French troops to Grand Pré.

John Gyles—Captive

John Gyles—Captive

THE yellow light of an October sunset shone over the hills and water about the fort up the Jemseg, brightening into glorious green the great reach of pines bordering the lower bend of the river, burnishing the russet ochre of elm and walnut, and freshening the dull grey of the low, hewn-stone buildings.

The Jemseg was a channel-like stream, three miles in length, connecting the River Saint John with Grand Lake, a great sheet of water to the north. The Fort, built here by the French, had been one of their chief strongholds. From it, under Villebon, had gone forth many an expedition against the

English settlements. But as frequent washings of the river, in flood, made the defences unsafe, Villebon had moved up River St. John, to Nashwaak, and the fortress at Jemseg with its gardens and its broad extent of marsh, was now the peaceful habitation of Louis d'Amours de Chauffour, a French Seignior.

The small silver bell in the turret of the little chapel was pealing its call for evening prayers. Not a sound, besides, broke the stillness of the lovely scene. Leading the way to the chapel walked the wife of Louis d'Amours, the lovely Margaret Guion, of Quebec. Following her were the two children, an old man who was physician and servitor to the family, the maidservants, and a youth whose fair hair easily bespoke his English blood. The Sieur d'Amours, himself, was not of the number. He had been for some months in France, on important interests.

At the gateway of the sentry court the lady paused, and spoke a kindly word to the English youth, then entered the chapel, followed by her train, and the old Servitor who in the absence of the priest and the

Sieur, read the prayers for the household of Louis d'Amours.

The youth did not join the company, but paced the small court within the enclosure, his eyes fixed intently at every forward beat out upon the lower bend of the river. Plain upon the sunlit water at the river's mouth could be seen a single canoe. An hour before, when he had been making ready the chapel for service, it had been but a black speck; now it was making swift course up the Jemseg, and heading for the Fort. Anxiously he watched its approach, gazing out often over the low wall fronting the river, then hurriedly resuming his patrol when the chanting voices ceased; and while the little procession passed out, keeping his gaze away from the channel and facing the courtyard buildings.

As the children crossed the square they ran toward him, and each seizing a hand, continued with him his pacing across the little court. "We have you a prisoner!" exclaimed the girl.

"Hush!" cried her brother. "You know our mother told us not to say that to our good Gyles!"

"I do not see how it is wrong," said the girl.

"Because I am in truth a prisoner, little one," replied the youth, "and the lady would not hurt my feelings."

"You were once, and many years, I know that," she said. "But you are not now, for my father bought you away from the savages and you belong to us."

"And don't you think that is being a prisoner, still?" he asked. "Would you like to be bought, and sold, and belong to people?"

"It is all the same as we are," replied the child, gravely. "We belong to someone; and when you are loved it makes no difference. And we all belong to God, everybody on the river, Gyles."

"Not the Maliseet Indians, I hope," said the lad, grimly, stretching out his hands and arms, scarred with thongs and burns, his flesh recoiling in cold pricks at even the memory of his tortures. "See what they did for me, little ones; do you think they belong to God?"

"Well, anyway, it must be better to be prisoner here where we love you, and are good to you," replied the child. "And my father said, when he left us, that he put us in your care, Gyles. I heard him say that to our mother."

All the while he was talking, the youth had led the children away from the ramparts, out toward the gardens, and now calling their attention to some late fruit inside, he passed quickly on alone toward the house, at the outer door of which stood Margaret Guion and the old Servitor.

"Madam, there is a canoe coming up river," he said, with respectful but eager tone. "Would it be word from the Seignior?"

"It cannot be he," replied the lady. "He would not reach home for a two weeks yet." Full of fear both she and the old man followed the Sentry as he led the way to the little court, in full view of the river. The approaching canoe could now be plainly distinguished. Two men plied the paddles, a third sat between, and swiftly over the yellow water they were urging the bark boat.

"Some news from the Grants below," said the lady, with forced calmness. "Are they strangers, Gyles?"

"Two are Indians, Madame, the third face I cannot see."

"I hardly think they come to harm us,

dear lady," said the old Servitor; "if they be Indians they are our friends."

And now the canoe made straight for the little cove on the shore, directly under the wall, where stood the waiting group, and Madame d'Amours gave a glad cry as she saw the face of the centre Indian. " 'Tis old Franceway," she exclaimed. "He is always to be trusted. Gyles, will you speak with him for me?"

"I will do as I am bid," he replied, "but I hate and fear every copper face of them, friend or foe."

Margaret Guion and the Servitor accompanied him to the little stone flagging up to which the strange canoe was drawn. She saw the lad's face pale and flush as he spoke with the Indians. "What is his news?" she cried.

"Madame, the English are revenging the raids of the French and Indians, and are out on an expedition to capture the French occupations. They are on their way up here, now, then on to Villebon at Nashwaak."

"And my husband absent!" She wrung her hands. "What else does he say? Is it Colonel Church, of Pemaquid? He knows

no mercy. He will take us all as prisoners, Gyles!"

"Not us all, Madame. He could not take captive one of his own countrymen. But I may be able to plead for your safety."

He spoke with a sudden new assurance, and her own face paled as she looked into the eager one of her young servant, and read the import of his answer. These invaders were his own people, and from them, and through their raid he could get his release. But what of her and her children, and the fortress containing all their possessions in this new land!

Whatever of dread her heart might hold, Margaret of Guion knew nought of fear, expressed. "Gyles," she said, "when the Sieur d'Amours left home he gave me instruction to oversee all that I could, with my own eyes and wit; when I came to a hard place to trust in yours; and he left us in your charge, though you are but a lad of seventeen, and a servant in state, and a foreigner in race. I have not spoken of it before, because I had no need, but I have told it you in my trust and confidence reposed, and I meant in good time, when peril came, to let you know his very words."

"Your children told me of it, Madame," he answered. "I have not thought of so great an honour being put upon me." And he turned again to the Indians and talked for some moments. "It is true that it is Colonel Church, Madame," he said. "Franceway tells me that he has already been to Minas and Chignecto, and is on his way to Villebon at Nashwaak."

"We know him well!" she exclaimed. "He and his men in their flat-bottomed, black boats, are worse than pirates. He will think this place still a fortress, as it once was, and will burn and sack."

"Unless you do what the Sieur bade," said Gyles.

"What did he bid?" she asked.

"Madame, he told me that if trouble came we were not to try to save the place, because we had not a large enough household to defend any attack, but we were to flee up to Grand Lake and get you and the children in safe keeping at the Big Grant. This is what I suppose he meant when he told you to trust to me if peril threatened."

"You lie!" cried the Lady Margaret. "Why should I flee like a frightened child! I can stand by my own! The Lady L'Tour

stood by her fortress. Margaret of Guion can do as well!"

"She did not do well, Madame, if I heard the story aright. The Sieur said I was to see that you were safe away from the place."

"So that you can be free yourself!" she said. "How do I know that this is not a pretext to get all our stores besides! This Colonel Church would take you away to your home again, in Pemaquid."

"Yes, Madame, I know that."

"And yet you ask me to trust you!" she cried.

"No, Madame, your husband, the Sieur d'Amours, he asked you to trust me, and he bade me care for you."

Her face flushed at the quiet, grave answer, and she moved to him, offering her hand. "I did not mean to be so hard," she said, "but it is not easy to believe you could do this thing for us when freedom and home are in your grasp. My husband in full faith gave you the trust, and he would expect you to be true to it no matter what else was involved. Also, it was a command, as well as a trust, and he would think you were our servant, and must obey orders. "But I can

see your chance, and I know how you long for your own home and your own people, and how verily a prisoner you are here even though you have freedom of foot. I see, too, how hard it will be for you to decide, yet I believe you will stand by us. I would like to stay myself, and face the grizzly old Briton and guard my house, but I dare not disobey my husband's commands, so I will do as you have said he bade me. Must we leave this very night?"

"We dare not wait," said the youth. "Franceway is going down the portage with his brothers. They are strangers here, are on their way to their home in Norridgewick. But they can make their way to one of the villages on foot, and he will come back here by midnight. With his large canoe for the maids and the luggage, and your own for your children, you can all be in safety by dawn."

"And when you have made ready the place, as the Sieur commanded, there is the little pirogue in which you can follow us."

"Yes, Madame, there is the little pirogue in which I can follow."

Her quick ear caught the repetition of her words, and her own young heart, her

mother heart, responded to the lad's hopeless tone.

"Gyles," she said, "I know the struggle is hard, and will be harder still when we are gone. I wish I could promise you your freedom, but I cannot. The Sieur is not the stamp of man to be turned by a sentiment. He does ever what he himself deems just. He bought you from the savages out of kindness of heart, yet I know he thinks he owns you and that you are to do his will implicitly, so I can make no promise.

"There is not a moment to lose, Madame," said the Servitor, who had been having a further conference with the Indians. "The British burned every house at Beaubassin. The soldiers are rough men and cruel. You, Madame, must be out of this in safety."

Hastily the lady explained to him her husband's wishes and commands, and soon she and her household were making ready for the departure. The unexpected return of the Indian in an hour made their haste even more imperative. Down river he had learned that an additional force had joined Church, that they were waiting at the bend

all night and at early morn would probably make their attack.

All silently the little procession left the house and descended the pathway to the flagging, where lay the canoes. In the Indian's large one were placed the maid servants, and their few necessary stores, and leading the way the Indian started off. Close behind was the light, strong craft of Madame Guion's, paddled by her own hand. With her were her children and the old Servitor. Drawn up on the shore was the stout little pirogue which was to be left for the youth. The hunting moon, yellow and full of glory, shone over the wild, lonely land.

Madame Guion drew back a few paces out of the others' hearing.

"Gyles," she said, "in the little room over your own is a strong box, locked and strapped. It holds my silver and jewels, and a few treasures besides. Written on it are plain directions how, and where, to hide it in the garden behind the chapel. You will find the spot prepared, and I had intended placing it there myself, but the extra haste hindered me and I must leave it to you. No one knows of the box or its

hiding-place but ourselves and the Sieur d'Amours. Drive the cattle out of the enclosure, so that they may stray to the marsh and perhaps be spared. On the escritoire is a paper, which you are to fasten on the great outer gate. Put it in plain view. In it I have demanded that Church leave our place untouched. He cannot but respect it if it meets his eye, for I have told him of my husband's repeated kindness to the English. Until you join us I will not know if this is safely posted, or if the box be hidden. I would trust you, myself, Gyles, even if the Sieur d'Amours had not bidden me."

"I will do my best, Madame," he replied, with grave salute, passing in the paddles, and steadying the canoe for her step.

A moment and the light sentient bark shot out and up the stream, and the English lad stood alone at the foot of the old French stronghold, free from the people whose bond-servant he was, within easy reach of his countrymen twenty miles below.

Swift through his mind passed the nine years of his captivity, that terrible night of the massacre at Pemaquid, his father and brothers killed before his eyes; his own forced march with the savages, its suffer-

ing and his captor's cruelty; the agony of those long, dreadful years at Meductic, with their hunger, and fear, and torture; then that long tramp to the big fortress, where he was offered for sale, and purchased by the Sieur d'Amours, and brought to this little, old stronghold. Here he had been well treated. Good food, a quiet bed, and easy work, the love of the children, the trust of his master, and the kind care of the Lady d'Amours—all this had been his lot. Yet even this was not liberty.

He could see his mother's face, could hear again her parting words as they carried him from her on that dreadful night. Her sweet, white face—how often the memory of it had lulled him asleep in these bitter years, those early, young years with his dusky captors, when the tortures broke both flesh and heart! To think of seeing her again! How blessed it would be! He could hide the strong box, post the proclamation, and then make his way down to his countrymen. He might, by pleading, even save their attack upon the place, and thus render his master a service above what his mere servitude demanded.

The thought made his step buoyant and

quick as he sped up the pathway to the house. The strong box lay outside Madame d'Amours' own apartment. It was bulky but not heavy to carry, for the treasures in this new land were few. An hour had passed before he had it in safe keeping in the little vault outside the courtyard square. Now and then as he worked he paused to listen, alert for the slightest sound that might come upon the still, night air, but no noise broke the utter silence, and he completed his task, smiling to think how easily he could have taken the chest and its contents as bounty for his safe passage with the invaders.

It seemed as if he would never accomplish all the charges, and his fingers fumbled over bolts and bars; but at length the place was secured, the cattle and sheep driven away, and the notice placed on the heavy plank gate. Going up to his little chamber at the stair's head, he took from a chest some skins he had trapped, gathered together a few articles of clothing, and hurried again down the stairway, and out the great door. Hastening to the riverside, where his little pirogue lay, he threw in the pelts and was turning to take back the key

to its hiding-place, when a short, thick-set man stepped out from the walnut clump, and a voice called in rough tones, "Are you in possession of the Sieur d'Amours' domain?"

Quick the youth turned to the water. Down shore a few yards was a long, black boat, manned by several men. Straight his eager thoughts told him that this was one of the invading craft, and that the man who addressed him was perhaps the Commander, Colonel Church.

A half smile flitted over the youth's anxious face. How good it was to hear his own tongue again, even though so roughly couched; and half in fear, yet feeling someway strangely at home with this grizzly warrior of his own race, he came near, so that his face showed clear in the bright moonlight, but he did not speak.

The stranger frowned and laid a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. "Give answer," he said. "Who are you, where is the Sieur d'Amours, and what are you doing here, in the enemy's country? Brown-faced though you are I know you for an Englishman!"

"I am servant to my master, Louis

d'Amours," replied Gyles. "He bought me from the Indians three years ago. They had killed my father and brothers, at Pemaquid, and taken me prisoner." He stripped up his sleeves from his scarred arms—"this is the life I led," he said, "till I came into d'Amours' hands."

"And since then, lad?—speak the truth, for I am Church, and I am sent out to avenge such deaths as your father's, and such living deaths as yours. The French are in league with the savages in all their depredations. Since coming here, lad, how have you fared?"

"I have fared well," said the lad, gravely, "so well that I am left in charge of the place to protect it against your attack."

The doughty old soldier laughed. "The fortunes of war!" he exclaimed. "Through one you are taken, through another freed! How much loot is there inside? Could you get enough for me to make it worth my while to attack? I knew the Sieur himself was absent, but what about the household?"

"They are not here," said Gyles. "The place is vacant."

"Well, I've never yet burned women and children!" exclaimed the Colonel, "but

there must be treasures here. Show me where the prizes are."

The youth led on up the steep path through the wood to the heavy plank gate, and pointed to the placard.

"Madame d'Amours thought you would not destroy nor pillage, when you had read this," he said.

Church chuckled grimly as he stepped

Sea Coast Farms

close up to the document, which by the moonlight that lay so bright over the land, could be plainly read. "So she claims protection for her possessions and her domain in earnest of her husband's repeated acts of kindness to English captives," said the sol-

dier. "So much so good, but is it true? And why did you stay behind when the lady fled?"

"I had promised my master to see her safe away if danger threatened," explained the youth; "and there were things she asked me to do besides—to post this placard, and secure the place against your attack. That was why I remained, but I was not going to follow her. I planned to go down stream and find you when you were at anchor, and ask you to take me to my mother and my people at Pemaquid, and I thought if I told you of the kind treatment I had met at their hands that you would spare the place here and go on up river instead, to Nashwaak."

"I'll gladly set you free," said Church. "You'll be a star in my crown. But show me the booty. Quick, boy, the tide is dropping and I will be stuck here, as we were on that blasted mud flat at Minas. Open the gate and let us get at the loot."

The boy flung him the great key. "Open if you will," he said. "I could not hold out alone against you and your men even if I resisted;" and he retreated down the path to the river side.

Something in the tone moved the old soldier's heart, and he followed quickly and came up beside him, where he was bending over the pirogue, arranging the bundles inside its small space, and drawing it farther up shore.

"You can accompany me in my own boat," said the Commander, "unless you like your own craft better, and would rather follow in it. The force is at anchor in the large river, just below the Jemseg mouth. I came up to reconnoitre. Bright moonlight hinders my sleep, and I am restless while it lasts. I thought to have a quiet look around, undetected, before we attacked, but I soon discovered that the birds had flown. How soon will you be ready for the start?"

The youth sprang to his feet. "I have changed my mind," he said, "I am not going with you."

"Suppose I burn the houses, kill you, and go on up the Big Lake and discover your lady, what then?" asked Church.

But the youth did not answer.

"You would stay here a captive, a slave, with life and freedom in your grasp!" exclaimed the other. You are indeed a fool."

"But I am not a craven," replied Gyles. "I gave my word to the Sieur d'Amours to guard his family and his fortunes in his absence. I belong to him, and must keep my faith. I did intend to go with you, but when you told me to discover you the treasures, I knew that my duty was here, to obey my master's orders."

"And your mother, at Pemaquid, waiting these many years for your return—has she no claim upon you?"

The boy's voice broke in a half sob, and he dropped down on the stone flagging at the water's edge. "I think she would tell me to stay," he said, stolidly. "Mothers do not call you from your trust. Mine has waited long, she must wait longer yet, till I am free with honour."

The old Commander's eyes blinked, but there was no blinking in his voice when he spoke.

"Stay on then," he said, "and I will write a document to your master that will bind you yet closer. The place here I may spare, not because of you, but because I like the little lady's wit in supposing I would listen to her pleadings; and it humours me to save her and her household. This time

I pass, but another voyage, when the Sieur d'Amour himself is at hand and I can cross swords with a gentleman of honour, I'll have my revenge. I'd not stoop to take even the key from the hand of a fellow so bound in spirit as you are," and flinging it upon the ground he strode away.

But at the turn of the path he came back again. "There is yet time," he said. "If you should change your mind, and choose to follow us, even when I am at the river's mouth, we will turn back to meet you. My men will keep the watch. But if you show no sign of relenting by then, get you gone, and quickly, from here, for I will be sending up a letter to the Lady d'Amours who so keeps you in bondage, and should my men find you on the spot I will give them orders to fire every building, so that there will no longer be shelter here, neither for the lady nor her slave!"

For the whole hour while the black boat rapidly sped down the little river, the youth sat on the stone flagging by the shore. The waters fell away from the sand at his feet, as the moments passed. The moon sank behind the black woods beyond the Grand Pond. Once, as the boat came near the

point at the Channel's head, he seized his slender pirogue and started to draw it down the sand, but quickly dragged it back; and quietly sat there until the black boat became a speck and was lost in the blur of the great waters beyond the river's mouth.

Then, wearily, he drew down his own craft, picked up the key and secured it in a wallet, pushed off from shore, and without a glance backward, pulled away up the little river to the Big Pond, and the Lady Margaret who had given herself and her fortress to his keeping.

Three days later, when Gyles, the old Servitor, and a scout from the Grant, ventured down stream to reconnoitre, they found the place untouched, the cattle safe, the gardens and store houses unspoiled. That night while they kept the watch the Sieur d'Amours himself returned. He had heard in Quebec of the British raids upon the coast, and had made all speed to get to his home before Church should reach Jemseg. His joy knew no bounds when he found Gyles in peaceful possession, and learned of the safety of Madame d'Amours.

" 'Twas she who saved the place," said

the old Servitor proudly, pointing to the placard upon the Gates.

A smile, half-quizzical, half-tender, played over the face of the Sieur as he stepped up to the gateway. "She would dare ask the devil himself to do what she thought was right," he said, "and expect him to do it, too! But what is this behind the placard, a billet-doux for my lady? No, it is addressed to myself;" and he opened and read it aloud:

"Your fortress, Sieur d'Amours, is spared, somewhat, by the wit of your noble lady and her simple belief in my heart and my integrity, which touched me, old as I am. But more are you spared because of your servant, the captive youth whom you bought of the Indians. In all honour he could have escaped with me, having put the lady in safety. I left him in anger, but tell him for me, that it was he who saved your domicile. He is the stuff soldiers are made of, in your country and in mine. Let him go free, to use his strength for his own land. This I ask in lieu of the ravage he spared you. Send him under safe escort to me at Portsmouth before another month

goes by. From there I will see that he is restored to his mother at Pemaquid."

The Sieur d'Amours was true to the demand, and some days later when Margaret Guion and her household were returned to their home, the captive servant was given his freedom and the fortress domain up the Jemseg River knew him no more forever. His subsequent services to his country are a matter of historical record, and the story of his captivity with the Indians, written by himself, can be found in the old city libraries to this day.

The little lonely, lovely river still flows rom the Grand Lake to the greater river beyond, yellow and limpid under its bordering trees, but the ramparts of the French fortress are level and grass grown, and the names of Louis d'Amours de Chaffour and his wife, the noble Margaret Guion, are not known of in the regions roundabout.

Brook Watson

Brook Watson

I.

PLYMOUTH in old England is picturesquely situated at the bight of the Sound—a broad arm which the boisterous British Channel thrusts into the Devonshire coast. It is an historic town, singularly rich and comprehensive in its local literature. Sir Francis Drake was once mayor of the borough, and from the spacious Plymouth docks set out on his "discoveries about the earth." Sir John Hawkins and his father were born there, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert made it the starting point for his memorable voyages to the new world.

The hero of this tale also, Brook Watson

by name, was born in its storied precincts. In 1744 he became an orphan. His father, though a merchant of considerable note, died penniless; leaving his eight year old son for sole bequest a good, untarnished name and a spirit brave to parry the blows of ill fortune and hard circumstance.

For a few months he was an inmate of the Blue-Coat School, at London. Later, some friends of the family decided to confide the boy to the care of a distant relative, an extensive trader at sea, formerly of England, then of Boston in the colonies, and about a year after his father's death, all arrangements were completed for his passage across the ocean.

II.

In storied Plymouth town the thick set hedgerows were abloom, the birds singing their old spring melodies, the sun shining in warm slanting rays over the long pier where the Mary Edgar lay moored. It wanted yet a full hour of sunset, the time fixed for the vessel's departure.

Some one brought young Watson to the pier, deposited him and his small blue chest on board ship, bade him good-bye and left

him alone on the narrow deck. No one noticed him to speak with him, and he crept up among the ropes and rigging of the bow, watching the bare-throated sailors, with rhythmic response to command, swinging the heavy freight into the vessel's yawning hold.

Finally the lading was completed, and the "Mary Edgar" set sail down the Sound. Alone in the fading light the lad remained on his perch, a forlorn little figure-head, his face turned back to the fast receding town.

The Cornwall and Dartmoor hills sank from sight. The great chain of forts with wide-throated guns was lost to view. The high Hoe rock grew dim. And clear, though faint, the bells of the old parish church of Saint Charles the Martyr, pealed their echoing chime on the mute quiescent air. They were calling to him—

"Turn again, turn again,
Turn again Watson,"

as the bells did to Dick Whittington in the old ballad, but the boy could not then interpret them, nor understand their golden promise of fortune.

III.

Havana, one of the principal seats of commerce in the New World, is built on the northern coast of the island of Cuba. From sea, the sight of its palaces and cathedrals of yellow stone, and the flat-roofed houses of white marble behind the long line of fortifications, is beautiful indeed.

On an elevated plateau overlooking the blue Gulf of Mexico, stands the spacious hospital of the Real Casa de Beneficencia. In 1749 it was of smaller dimensions and much less luxurious in its appointments, but its white cot beds, and its sweet-voiced grey-robed nurses were then, as now, a part of its peace and repose. In midsummer of this year 1749, at early nightfall of one of the long hot days, the nuns were making ready a fresh bed. A young English lad, from one of the ships in port, had been terribly bitten by a shark; the ship must sail at flood, and the stranger was to be brought to the hospital and left in charge of the Spanish physicians and nurses.

The lad's name was Brook Watson. Four years had elapsed since his departure from Plymouth on that April evening. The

"Mary Edgar" made a safe passage to Boston, and the relative, a Mr. Leavens, proved a kind friend and protector. Finding the boy a good sailor and fond of adventure, he had placed him on board his best trading vessel, as cabin boy, and the career of the young orphan was begun.

The trip to Havana had been greatly desired, and he had enjoyed to the full the rambles about the fountains and cathedrals and ramparts of this New Spain, founded with such gilded visions by the Spanish hidalgoes of the fifteenth century. After the confinement of a tedious voyage, the coast sea-baths proved a special delight. Excavated apartments for bathing, secure from sharks, are now made in the solid coral reefs, but no such convenience then existed. The English lad, unconscious of danger, was seized by the ever-lurking monsters, and before assistance could be procured, one of his legs was horribly mangled.

The kindly captain of the ship accompanied him to the hospital, saw that his life was not in danger, and left instructions with the physicians to put him when recovered on board some British ship for Boston.

The leg was amputated, and all through the languor and glare of the long summer the boy lay upon his bed. For many weeks he was delirious and helpless, understanding no word of his attendants and unable to make known his wants but by signs and looks. By and by he caught the import of the strange speech and at length could speak one and another of the soft phrases in a patois of Spanish and his own tongue, readily comprehended by his nurses.

He did not despair though he was often despondent. The sight of the suffering in the other cots somewhat eased his own, and he learned some lessons that were never forgotten, lessons that helped shape his career. He spoke of them at a princely gathering in London when he was an old man the "strength of weakness" the "power of passiveness" the "peace of pain."

With the cooler winds of the autumn season he grew strong enough for the removal, and bidding his Spanish friends adios, once again took ship for Boston. He was now fourteen years of age, bright-eyed, keen-witted, but the golden promise of the Bells seemed removed forever from a lad with a wooden leg.

IV.

On one of Boston's narrow streets in the year 1750 stood the tavern of "The Lark and the Nightingale," a name supposed to be significant to travellers of the late and early hours allowed by the landlady who presided under its grey gabled roof. This inn had been for many years the stopping place of Mr. Leavens the protector and relative of young Watson, and here the boy at once repaired when the vessel reached Boston.

To his dismay he learned that his kind friend had failed in business and disappeared from the city, leaving no clue to his present address.

The landlady, a hard coarse woman, had no mind to be taxed with a crippled lad who would be of little or no service to her establishment; and already smarting under the loss of Leavens' unpaid bill she immediately announced her intention to send for the Selectmen and have him bound out to a tailor who had a shop near the tavern.

The poor boy cried bitterly, refusing to submit to her authority. His cries and the woman's threatening talk attracted the

attention of the guests in the adjoining room, and a tall good-natured man pushed open the door between.

"What is the trouble mistress?" he enquired.

Readily relating her complaints she urged his assistance in compelling the lad's submission.

"Will you not be a tailor?" asked the man kindly, turning to the cripple.

"I'll not!" he curtly answered, "and I wish the sharks had finished the business they began!"

"But why not be a tailor?" enquired the stranger, pleased with the terse reply.

"Because I've other work to do in the world, even if I be wooden legged!" said the cripple.

The gentleman was still more pleased. "Come live with me," he said, "and I'll back you, though you've small need of help with that spirit of yours." And turning again to the woman he made all necessary enquiries relative to the lad's parentage and his former protector and guardian.

As the request was backed by a generous sovereign for the night's lodging, she gave all desired information, and urged the

stranger to take the boy without delay, though she cautiously put him under the requisite engagement with the Selectmen of the city, to prevent his return as a burden to her or the corporation.

Watson's new-found friend was a ship-owner and trader, Captain John Huston, a native of Chignecto, Nova Scotia, then in Boston in charge of one of his own coasters. The homeless lad gladly consented to accompany him on his return voyage, and the following day went aboard the vessel and set out for the new land.

V.

At the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the crown of a hill on the Nova Scotia side of the bay, stand the ruins of the French fortress of Beau Sejour. It's five, unbroken massive bastions, still flank the blue bay, but the parapets are sunken, and the stone work has fallen to decay.

Two miles south, on a lower ridge of land can be traced the remains of Fort Lawrence the British stronghold. Between them runs a sluggish stream called the Missaquash, the once disputed boundary between French and British dominion.

At high water it is a river of considerable volume, at ebb a mere brooklet threading the slimy red mud of its deep channel.

Round about these forts from the year 1750 to 1755, was enacted a series of bloody engagements between the two nations, terminating finally in that stern sentence of

Mowing Hay

expulsion from the province of the whole French population.

On an autumn morning of 1751, the garrison, camped under La Corne at Beau Sejour, saw to their delight a herd of fat cattle cross the dividing stream to feed on the Grand Pré surrounding their ramparts. It was rich prospect for fresh meat, and the petty-officer in command gave instant or-

ders to his men to keep them in view and prevent their recapture by the English; if necessary to engage in a skirmish rather than lose the prize.

In the British camp at Fort Lawrence there was dismay, and a hurried consultation among the soldiers as to which man dared ford the river and bring the stragglers back.

No one volunteered.

"Whose are the cattle?" asked one of the men.

"Huston's, the commissariat. They were to furnish us food for a fortnight; we can ill afford to let the Frenchmen eat our dinners. We must recover them at once."

While they talked some one called that already a man was making his way to the river. The soldiers, eager to distinguish the rescuer, mounted the palisades. As he emerged from the sea of grass and stood on the river's bank a murmur of surprise and admiration went round among them.

"Huston's one-legged lad!" they cried. "He has more spirit than we have."

Indeed the boy seemed to feel no fear of the French fire. He calmly removed his heavy clothing and with wonderful quick-

ness succeeded in crossing the sluggish stream. The enemy was approaching from the other side, the cattle contentedly browsing between.

"Youngster," called the foremost Frenchman, "What have you to do upon the land of the King of France?"

"My concern is not with the King of France, nor about his land," replied the boy, moving toward the herd to head them for the river, "But I mean to take care of the English cattle!"

Won by the pluck and sharp retort, the officer with the ready gallantry characteristic of his nation, gave orders to his men to desist from further attack. And with caps doffed in a cheer they allowed the cripple to drive the deserters safely back to British pastures.

Brook Watson had now been living over a year with his new found friends at Chignecto. When Fort Lawrence was erected and received an occupation of British troops, Captain Huston removed to the vicinity of the fort and became largely engaged trading in commissariat supplies. With him was connected Col. Winslow, a thorough and accomplished accountant,

afterward Paymaster-General of the troops at Quebec. Under two such competent instructors, an excellent opportunity was thus before the young orphan of becoming a well-trained business man.

Brook Watson never neglected an opportunity.

VI.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1757, was small of size and rude of build. Her present parks and gardens were stretches of forest and fields of stumps. Her fortifications now girdling her rocky coast were slight and insecure barricades of logs. And her citizens were but struggling with the foundations of the comfortable fortunes which their descendants enjoy to-day.

On one of the lower cross lanes of the city, now known as Bedford Row, stood a small building owned and occupied by a mercantile firm. The firm was composed of two members, both young and fearless, and confident of success. One furnished the necessary capital, the other brought a thorough knowledge of account with a fair experience in home and foreign trade, and that rare gift of foresight and decision so

important to a man who must judge and take advantage of a profitable venture, or reject as decidedly an unprofitable one.

This latter man, the junior partner of the firm, was called Mr. Watson. He had attained his majority and was no longer willing to be dependent upon the bounty of Captain Huston. In stature he was slight but firm set. His wooden leg was never thought of when one saw his strong frank face and honest eyes. The strong keen face told you that whatever awaited him he was going forth to meet it without fear and with a stout heart.

But perhaps a tone of the yearning, prophetic call of the "Bells" had staid with him through all his life since his departure from Plymouth, for after a few year's residence in the new city he severed all business relations with the Colonies and took ship to old England to seek his fortune in his native land.

VII.

London the emporium of England, the centre of its great monetary transactions, the home of its science, its literature and its art, the resort of aristocrats and landed

proprietors, the refuge of outcast thousands, the golden city to so many poor lads, this London of Whittington's was before the young man and he became one of her teeming throng.

After struggling for some months alone, he was made known to Mr. Maughr, then Nova Scotia's agent in England. This gentleman, influenced by recommendations of former friends in Halifax, advanced him a considerable sum of money and procured for him a partnership in a small but rising mercantile house.

The ladder before the young man was long and steep, but sure steps are strong steps, and what he "took" he "kept."

His affairs prospered. His good habits and business ability aided the mounting. Many who noticed his advancement said he was "born under a lucky star." The few who knew him well, said his character was his destiny, that he grappled with adverse circumstances, and mastered them, and made of them "rounds by which he might ascend."

Ten, twenty years passed. With steadfast integrity and continued ability he applied himself to the tasks set before him,

each call opening out into a wider realm of responsibility and action. In 1782 he was appointed Commissary-General to the army in North America. Two years later he was sent to Parliament as one of the representatives of the city of London. At the same period he became a Director of the Bank of England and an Alderman for Cordwainer's Ward. Later he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

In 1796 he was elected Lord Mayor of London. In "98" he was commissioned Commissary-General of England.

And in 1803 His Majesty was graciously pleased to reward him for his faithful discharge of duties by creating him, gratuitously, a Baronet of the United Kingdom.

A penniless orphan lad of charity—a titled gentleman of England; a crippled castaway in the Spanish hospital of Havana,—and the holder of one of the most important public functions of the realm; an unwelcome charge, ousted by Boston's Selectmen,—an occupant of the Mansion House, dispensing the hospitality of the city of London!

It reads like a fable. It is as true as truth.

BROOK WATSON

In 1807 Sir Brook Watson died. The public notices of his death stated that he was a constitutional loyal subject, a diligent, faithful servant, an upright magistrate, a firm Christian. His title is at the present day held by Sir Brook Key, who resides at Stanley Lodge, Battledown, Cheltenham.

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